Special Year-End Issue

Stephen Spender on Lord Byron • David Pryce-Jones on King Hussein

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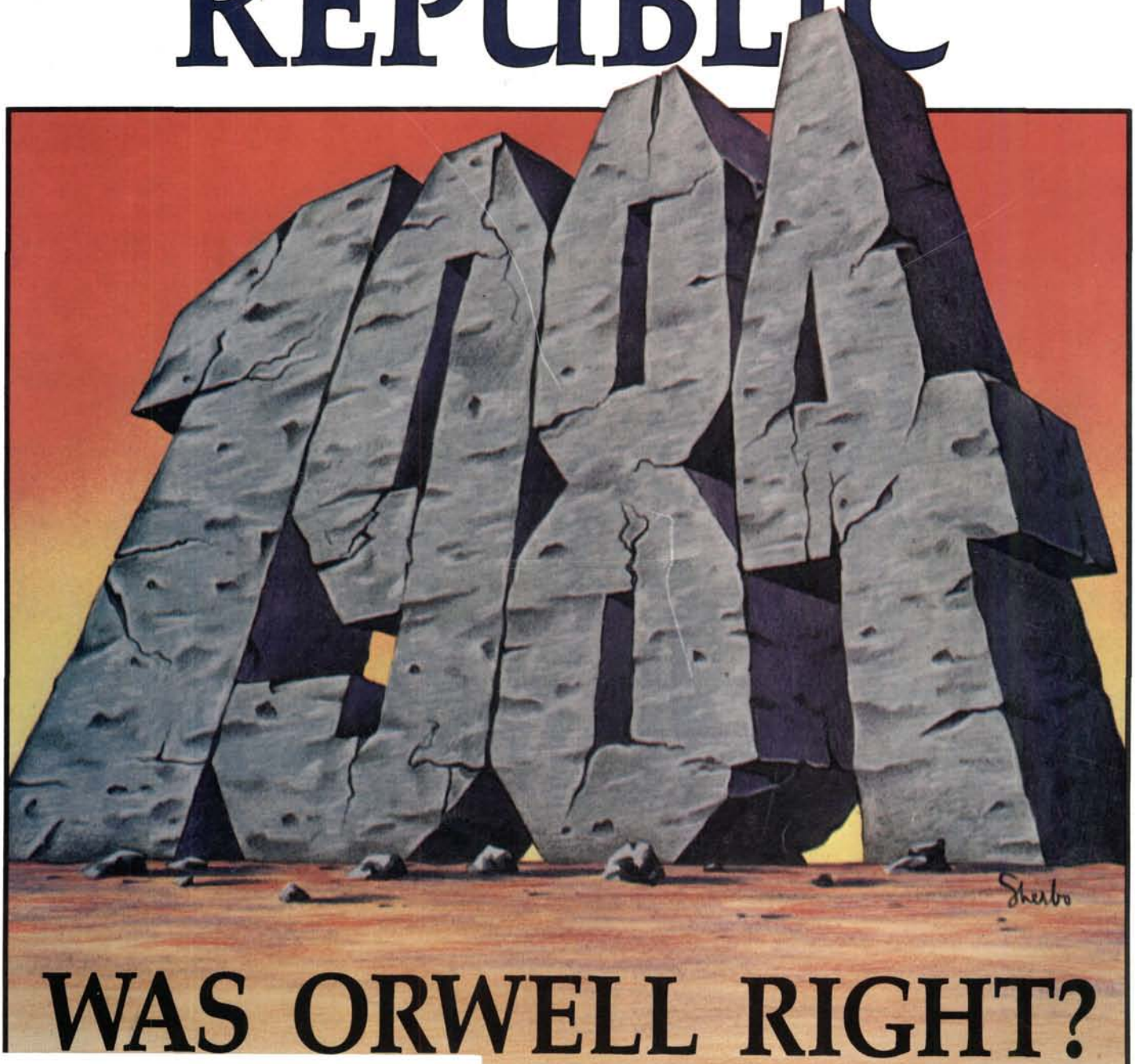
THE NEW REPUBLIC



WAS ORWELL RIGHT?

IRVING HOWE

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CORRESPONDENCE

BEHIND SOVIETNAM

To the editors:

The Doan Van Toai and David Chanoff story outlining increasing Soviet influence in Vietnam is, unfortunately, probably accurate ("Now, Sovietnam," TNR, November 15). The tragedy is that it could have been prevented.

In 1978, while serving as one of the Congressional delegates to the U.N. Special Session on Disarmament, I invited the Vietnamese delegation to lunch. After clearing it with Hanoi, they accepted. Also joining us was Representative William Lehman of Florida, who happened to be visiting the session at the time, and a representative of the State Department. During the luncheon the Vietnamese indicated for the first time that they were willing and eager to open full diplomatic and economic ties with the United States, and that they were willing to forget what appeared to be a stumbling block to such relations: a commitment they felt they had from President Nixon for $3 billion in aid after the war. I asked the Vietnamese if they would come to Washington to pursue the discussion further. They agreed to check with Hanoi on this if I would get permission from Washington, since they are restricted to staying within roughly twenty-five miles of the United Nations offices under U.S. law. Both Hanoi and Washington approved, and a dinner meeting was held in my home with two representatives of the Vietnam government, two representatives of the State Department, and some members of the House and Senate, both Democrats and Republicans, liberals and conservatives. During the meeting it became clear that Vietnam was trying to steer an independent course but found it increasingly difficult, and that diplomatic ties with the United States and trade with our country could assure Vietnamese independence.

All of us left that meeting feeling that diplomatic ties were clearly in the interest of both countries. But someone—I do not know who—decided to veto the idea, and it died. My guess is that it was either because some felt China might not approve, or more likely because it would be politically unpopular here at home. Sometime later, U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young told me of the disappointment of the Vietnamese, and said that he received the impression that Vietnam would not have succumbed to Soviet pressure and invaded Cambodia had the United States shown a little courage and common sense and opened ties of our own to Vietnam.

Not-so-incidentally, Vietnam is the third largest Communist nation in terms of population. We had the opportunity to encourage development there more on the order of the Yugoslav model, independent of Soviet domination, and instead shoved Vietnam toward a Cuban or Bulgarian type of Soviet-dependent state. In so doing, we served our national passion rather than our national interest.

PAUL SIMON
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Doan Van Toai replies:

Representative Simon's response to "Now, Sovietnam" discloses some new information about private efforts between Washington and Hanoi to achieve normalization in 1978. Some points need comment, however.

Mr. Simon is certainly right that a Yugoslavia-style Vietnam would have been in the best interests of the United States, and would have coincided with the wishes of most Vietnamese. The question is whether Vietnamese Communist leaders have ever given serious consideration to this concept. The Vietnamese Communist Party was created by the Comintern in the early 1930s, while Ho Chi Minh was the Comintern agent for Indochina. Vietnamese leaders have always regarded their movement an integral part of the Soviet Union's international Communism. This principle was solemnly enshrined in the Vietnamese Communist Party platform of 1930, and has been reaffirmed regularly ever since.

Mr. Simon suggests that the breakdown in American-Vietnamese negotiations in 1978 precipitated the Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia. But by 1976 it was common knowledge inside Vietnam that an attack on Cambodia was being planned, and in 1977 the manpower resources of the country were mobilized for the invasion, which would have taken place on schedule—regardless of relations with the U.S.

Many of us, both in the United States and in Vietnam, were hypnotized by the myth of Ho Chi Minh and the sacrifices of the Vietnamese revolutionaries. Because of their epic struggle, we managed to deceive ourselves about their fundamental brutality. Unfortunately, I began to lose my illusions only after living and working with the Communists after April 1975, and many Americans have not yet fully lost theirs even now.

TIRANA AMENDMENT

To the editors:

Charles Krauthammer goes overboard in his amusing article "The Tirana Index" when he puts Mexico in the same category as "traditional autocracies and military governments" like Turkey (TNR, December 13). In the election of July 4, 1982, the governing Party of the Institutionalized Revolution received 71 percent of the vote, not "somewhere between 80 and 95 percent." In the Federal District alone, the eight opposition parties together actually beat the P.R.I., 51 to 49 percent. Given these election results, Mr. Krauthammer's suggestion that Mexico is "authoritarian" is untrue and unfair.

ROGER A. ATWOOD
Hadley, Massachusetts

Charles Krauthammer replies:

Before I reclassify Mexico's benign, tolerant, but undeniably one-party rule as a democracy, I prefer to amend the Tirana Index itself. Correction: in traditional autocracies winners tend to get between *70* and 95 percent of the vote.

PANGLOSSIAN REVIEW

To the editors:

Richard Rorty has written a spirited, sly, and flawed review of A. J. Ayer's most recent book, *Philosophy in the Twentieth Century* ("Brute and Raw Experience," TNR, December 6). It is spirited when Rorty exclaims as parenthetical examples of perceptual accounts: "It's red," "It hurts!," "It's a bird!," "It's a plane!" It is sly when Rorty writes of "Analytic philosophy's continuing putdown of uplift . . ."; redness and pain as "standard empiricist examples of confronting reality . . . rarely blueness or joy . . . Austin . . . used magenta . . . but that was thought a bit off-color"; Russell said that he wished he had written Ayer's *Language, Truth and Logic.* "Many have wished the same"; Ayer's "long discussions of rather picky little points. . . ." It is flawed when Rorty cites Russell's 836-page *History of Western Philosophy* and

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Yuletide Gloom

The day is brisk and clear. Stores have Christmas decorations. There's snow on the ground. At the corner the beggar gets a half-dollar out of me. There are more beggars on the streets these days. It's the worst recession in forty years. I am about to find out what we should do about it.

Martin Feldstein, the new chairman of President Reagan's Council of Economic Advisers, talks to as many of us as can crowd into the National Press Club hall, which is in the process of being remodeled. The aisles are lined with wallboard—it is like meeting in a warehouse. Feldstein is a brilliant, half-pint-sized man who speaks rapidly and earnestly, wasting no time on humor or frivolity: He is telling us that America and the world at Yuletide are in a hell of a mess. In America there is 10.8 percent unemployment (it will be over 11 percent any day now), and he is saying in these sharp, terse sentences that the richest country on earth has been living beyond its means.

How bad are things? Take a breath and try some statistics. The capitalistic world runs, you realize, on a pool of savings controlled by governments and banks. It's been a good world to the United States. But since 1976 imports have exceeded exports every year. Our trading accounts are in deficit—and so is our federal budget. In 1981 we had a whopping federal deficit. And it's still rising. In 1983 it will probably be an unprecedented $75 billion—that's twice this year's level, and three times the level of 1981. Feldstein never uses an adjective or adverb to emphasize things. His voice, so to speak, just turns pale.

And that's where I come back to the beggar to whom I gave the half-dollar on my way over here. He's lost his job. Big deficits, trade or budgetary, are bad for countries. America has helped boost interest rates and skyrocketed dollar equivalents abroad (the dollar has risen 50 percent relative to the German mark). Trade wars are developing: we can't sell goods abroad (food product exports, for example, are a dramatic 31 percent lower than they were a year ago). What to do now? Feldstein says it again and again: balance the budget.

The situation is a lot worse than most people understand. Feldstein seems to think that having explained the problem to us he will see the President and Congress meet it. He has a reputation to protect as a conservative economist, and I do not know whether he will last in Washington very long. But he will keep on explaining the matter as he sees it. Latin America now owes about $300 billion. Take Mexico: the nine largest American banks have loaned a considerable percentage of their capital and reserves, and are now being asked to help reschedule its debts. It has devalued the peso 70 percent. Other countries have followed suit. A front-page story in *The New York Times* on December 14 begins: "Brazil sought urgently today to line up an additional $1.5 billion in emergency foreign credits that it says it needs to keep up with payments on its huge foreign debt." The same paper says that Nicaragua has secured a loan "to meet interest debt." The attitude of most readers is boredom. Why do the banks loan now? They have to. They're caught. It's their own greedy fault for going in too far. And if one of these debtor countries now—as the world runs short of cash—should default, the London *Economist* says, "It would send a hurricane through Wall Street." Remedy? Feldstein thinks we should balance the budget, without being too precipitate. He goes along with the Federal Reserve Board's program.

That brings us now to another aspect of the problem: the man who's supposed to be in charge here, President Reagan. He doesn't have a parliamentary majority to give support or a Cabinet government to share responsibility. Alone among great powers, we pile it all on the President. Even the Russians (seemingly) spread it out more thinly. In Washington recently there has been a change of mood toward the President, I believe, a hardening of attitude toward Reagan's views. The House rejected his "dense pack" plan for the MX missile system. After the vote came the shocker: three of the five Joint Chiefs of Staff had opposed the plan from the start. Reagan hadn't told Congress that there have been other incidents like that. How did the President ever get entangled in trying to block allies' assistance to the Russian gas pipeline? Doubts have grown as the $231 billion military appropriation bill rumbles through Congress.

Mr. Reagan came to Washington with no shortage of fixed ideas. He believes that the federal government is too big, and he believes that Russia is ahead of us in arms, bent on our destruction, and nearing its own exhaustion (despite all its weapons). The December 13 issue of *Time* magazine, in a friendly and extraordinarily frank analysis, analyzed "How Reagan Decides." It explained that "Reagan can be persuaded to change his mind on major issues only if advisers convince him that he really is not doing so." They explain to him that he meant something else all the time. It seems like a game.

Now comes the budget again. Yes, it ought to be balanced. "Next month," says Feldstein, "the President will present his budget plans for 1984 through 1988. With the cooperation of Congress, this can provide the opportunity for gradually reducing the budget deficits and moving toward a balanced budget." Yes, but will it? The need is urgent. Look at the world situation. Look at the economy at home. But the President, although he has lost a measure of authority through the November election, although he lost the gas pipeline fight, although the House couldn't accept his plan for the MX, doesn't want to reduce the arms program. He wants to save money by whittling down the welfare state. People who want an arms freeze are unwittingly helping the Russians, he says.

The basic question really is: does Reagan understand? We had not expected *Time* to put it quite so bluntly. But the editors quietly say, "The deepest worry in all this for the American public is that the Reagan Administration is losing touch with reality." Yes, that's it. Is it floating off? Who has the President's ear to persuade him that when he changes course he is not really doing so?

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
YEAR-END ISSUE, 1982

AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

A year is an artificial thing, a measure of experience that experience does not obey. The end of a year brings nothing to an end. It is, rather, a convention for the ordering of all that is accumulating in all the spheres of life, a ceremony of self-consciousness. The ceremony has to do less with knowledge than with sentiment; we do not so much understand our situation, which is never easy to do, as we claim it. The end of a year confers a feeling of meaning. It imparts significance, a rare thing in a society in which significance seems to slip by so many individual lives. There comes a wintry moment when all these lives take on the aspect of stories; they appear to have a plot, to have begun somewhere and to be heading somewhere. The calendar brings coherence to chaos—no small gift, in times like these.

What did the American community (the calendar also makes a continent feel like a community, at least for a day) experience in 1982? A great new debate about war and peace. A rupture in the Middle East, where one side is an extension of America's philosophy and the other side is an extension of America's economy. An epiphanous movie about a homely little being, which was as sublime as it was silly. But the people of the United States were unified by a more pervasive phenomenon. It may be called, not without bitterness, the tyranny of money over life. This was a year in which money won.

The economic basis for this phenomenon has been documented independently by the Congressional Budget Office and the Urban Institute. Their studies show that in the past year a dramatic clarification of social class has occurred. This has been accomplished by a radical redistribution of income, which is steadily widening gaps in wealth. The gulf between the rich and the poor is growing. "Substantial gains will accrue to higher-income families," the Urban Institute concludes about the results of the Administration's present fiscal course, "while the 46 million families with incomes below $15,000 will have no significant change in their real after-tax income . . . with the greatest relative losses occuring to those with incomes just above the poverty line." Translated into the language of daily living, these macro-economic generalizations mean that the most important reality for most of the citizens of this country is their relationship to money, and that the most common event in their emotional life is anxiety about it.

Money tyrannizes Americans in different ways, depending on how much of it they have or need or want. For the poor, money has never been anything but a tyrant. Its absence fills them with fear, which never leaves them. What changed for the poor last year was the setting in which they are afraid. The help of government, and even its sympathy, was slowly removed. More generally, the philosophical climate that dominates in Ronald Reagan's America is cruelly inhospitable to people without economic power. Poverty is no longer the subject of human and political interest that it was. It is viewed as a "spur," in George Gilder's frigid phrase, or it is not viewed at all. What this "spur" means is that if you are poor it is because you are not busy. Wealth is the evidence of effort, according to the vulgar entrepreneurialism of the day, and the absence of wealth is the evidence of the absence of effort. The poor, in other words, have not been only injured; they have also been insulted. And not merely by ideas, but by policies. There

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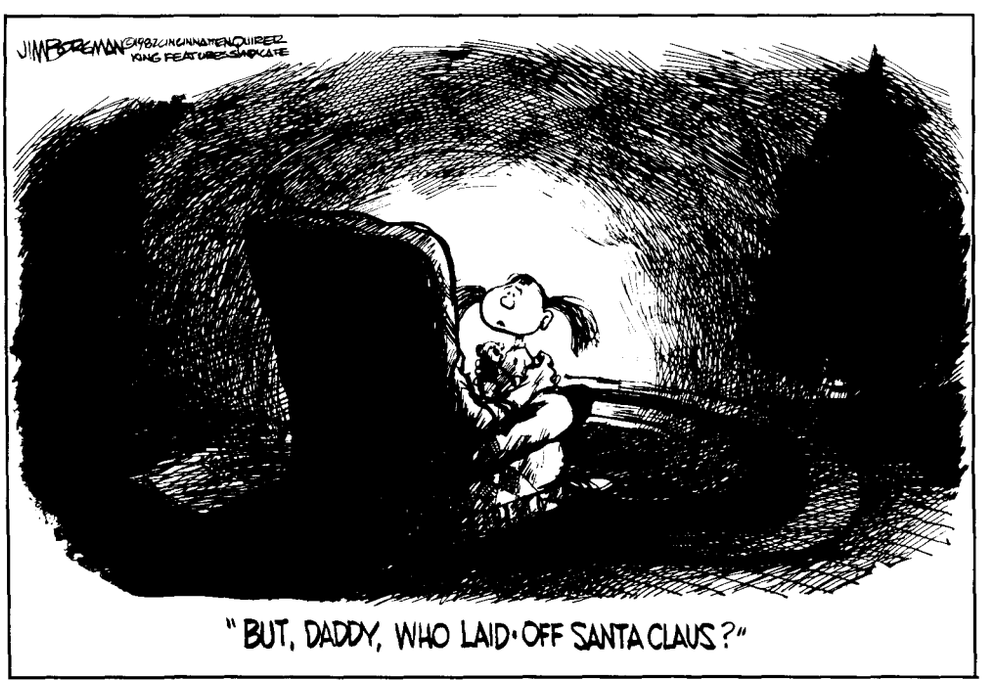
is no greater insult to the poor of the United States than the Reagan Administration's present policy on employment. The economic planners take away jobs and then call the poor lazy. It is important that the human consequences of this policy be understood. Unemployment does not merely add to the quantity of poverty. It changes its quality. Put simply, it robs poverty of its dignity. Working men and women, regardless of how little they earn, have their self-esteem. They have their pride in their sweat to make up for their position. They are not victims, but actors. They can face their families. All this the unemployed are missing. Their weakness, for which most of them are emphatically not to blame, is made to feel dishonorable. This is what a God-interested Administration has done. It has replaced help with humiliation.

The tyranny of money over life in the middle class is obvious in its most banal activities. It is obvious in conversation, which has been colonized by the subject. (The knowing way to discuss movies, for example, is to discuss what they "came in under," and what they "grossed.") It is obvious in the frantic consumerism that may be found in any large city—not frantic enough to rescue retail business from its dire predicament, but frantic enough to have created a distinctive kind of attachment to goods, especially to luxury goods. The prominence of the designer label on clothes, for example, nicely symbolizes the prominence of the label in this kind of life. The primary purpose of bought objects has become the communication of membership in a social class. Of course this has always been the case; but what distinguishes the consumerism of the present is its especially fictive nature, its real economic irrationality. Many people are living in a manner they can barely afford, or cannot afford at all. They are undeterred by debt. The streets are filled with people looking smart and worrying about how to pay for it. The streets of New York in particular: there can be no more oppressively materialistic place in America. "Get money, get money, get money, or be forever damned," was what London told one of Jean Rhys's defeated heroines, and it is New York's message exactly. In the middle of the recession Manhattan looks gilded. Those who cannot afford the most preposterous rents have few choices about where to live. Many of those who can afford these rents can afford little else. The pressure on all these people to dispose of their cash as they do does not come from a sudden prosperity; the number of the rich in places like New York has not increased significantly. The pressure comes, rather, from a social ethos for which the highest value is style. (This ethos has conquered the White House, too, which does as little for this class as it does for the poor.) This has been a year in which many people with some means lived nervously beyond them.

Which brings us to the class that does not worry. We mean the rich, certainly, but more generally all those who have economic peace of mind. In 1982 they were told that they are the elect. They were relieved of any nagging idea that *richesse oblige*. The economic reality of the country was redesigned for their added comfort, in a way that would obscure the thick network of social and economic relationships that makes wealth possible. Where greed was not approved of, self-satisfaction was. Being rich means never having to say you're sorry. Naturally nobody need apologize for success; the traits of character necessary to make a fortune in these times are by no means all unsavory. Success, however, should not mean secession from society. Those who do not worry about money can help those who do. But 1982 was not a year in which the haves distinguished themselves by productive economic behavior or philanthropic social behavior.



CARTOON BY JIM BORGMAN

During the past year the supply-side dogmas of the Administration have worked hard upon the inner lives of many, many Americans. There has appeared in the land a kind of economic neurasthenia. There are policies that would serve as therapy, but for these we will certainly have to wait for the Democrats. To our readers who are unafflicted by anxieties about money, we say: in 1983, look around you and help. To our readers who are afflicted with such anxieties, we say: in 1983, good luck.

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Right Choice, Wrong Reasons

The debate about the MX missile in the House of Representatives was the most important civilian review of military strategy in recent history. It was, however, rather odd. Some unsophisticated arguments led the members of Congress to a sophisticated conclusion. The debate deserves study, because it includes a few sterling lessons in how to think about the coming age in nuclear policy, and how not to.

The decision on the MX was properly unsimple. First the House voted, 245 to 176, against the allocation of $988 million for the production of the MX; these millions were to pay for five finished missiles to kick off a program for which $26 billion would eventually be asked. This was the first time in nuclear history that either House of Congress has denied a major weapon to a President. The missile's career in the House, however, did not end there. A day later the House voted, 346 to 68, to allocate $2.5 billion for the continued development of the MX. This may seem a little puzzling; in fact it represents a mature understanding of this difficult matter. "The prevailing view here remains," wrote Leslie Gelb in *The New York Times*, "that even if Capitol Hill disapproves procurement funds for the MX, the research and development will be continued and the MX will live —for the next Congress and for the next negotiations with the Soviet Union." What happened in the House was this: the military argument for the MX lost and the political argument for the MX won. The military argument lost by 69 votes and the political argument won by 278 votes. The House concluded that right now the United States needs the possibility of the MX, more than the MX itself. It needs it in order to persuade the Russians to put their own first-strike weapons, the SS-18s, on the table. If we have the MX we may use it. If we start building it, we may never have to finish building it. The House vote sent exactly the right message to the Soviet Union: we do not wish to be a first-strike power, but we do not wish you to be a first-strike power. For the purposes of negotiations, the development of the MX may threaten Russia enough, whereas for the purposes of deterrence, the deployment of the MX may threaten Russia too much. In appreciating this, the members of the House have acquitted themselves admirably, as we hoped they would. (See "In Defense of Deterrence," TNR, December 20, 1982.) Ronald Reagan was defeated, but arms control was not.

Unfortunately, it was not simply for the sake of arms control that the House turned thumbs down. It was the economic argument, not the military argument or the political argument, that was the most prominent during the debate. We would like to believe that economic considerations about the MX overwhelmed the House because military considerations about the MX underwhelmed it, but it is not so. The more popular line of reasoning was expressed by Representative William Ratchford of Connecticut: "And yet we propose today to further embark toward this cost when annual operating federal deficits are in the range of $180 billion a year; when state and local governments are grappling with deficits; when there have been massive cuts in people programs across these United States. . . . " The abjection of the American economy is not lost on us, but Mr. Ratchford's reasoning is troubling. He sounds as if he would have voted against the MX even if we needed it. The economic criterion, in other words, is a poor criterion to apply to defense spending first. The military criterion must come before it. If a weapon has no military justification, then every expenditure made for it in the present economic situation is unconscionable. If a weapon has a military justification, however, the present economic situation is no reason to be without it. The unemployed need safety, too. The answer, obviously, is to tax. Of course the President will not hear of it; he has set up the debate on defense spending to make it seem like a choice between national security and Social Security, and many people have fallen for it (including many liberals). The drain that defense spending places on the economy, however, may mean not that our military policy is wrong; it may mean that our economic policy is wrong. It is only when we accept the President's supply-side superstitions that the economics of national security looks like a rock and a hard place.

TO THESE ANIMADVERSIONS on some of the military, political, and economic thinking that the MX debate disclosed, we must add a word about historical thinking. Representative Don Clausen of California was not its only supporter who noted bitterly that the missile was rejected on the anniversary of Pearl Harbor. The President, too, remarked that "they picked the wrong day—December 7." The implication is that the opponents of the MX have returned the United States to the exposed condition in which it found itself on the infamous morning. Such a crude historical analogy cannot be allowed to pass. It overlooks the essential difference between conventional warfare and nuclear warfare; the Japanese might not have hit Pearl if destroying the ships had also required destroying the island and all its people. (And we might not have bombed Hiroshima four years later if Japan had had a bomb.) In fact, the analogy is an argument precisely *against* the MX. Armed with an MX, it is we who would be ready to play the Japanese role—the role of the first striker. And it is "closely spaced basing" that would keep us exposed; our fleet was destroyed at Pearl Harbor because it was very densely packed.

President Reagan accused the winners of the victory of "sleepwalking into the night." Again, he is sowing panic. We are reminded of the words of the most famous sleepwalker of all. "Fie, my lord, fie, a soldier, and afeard?"

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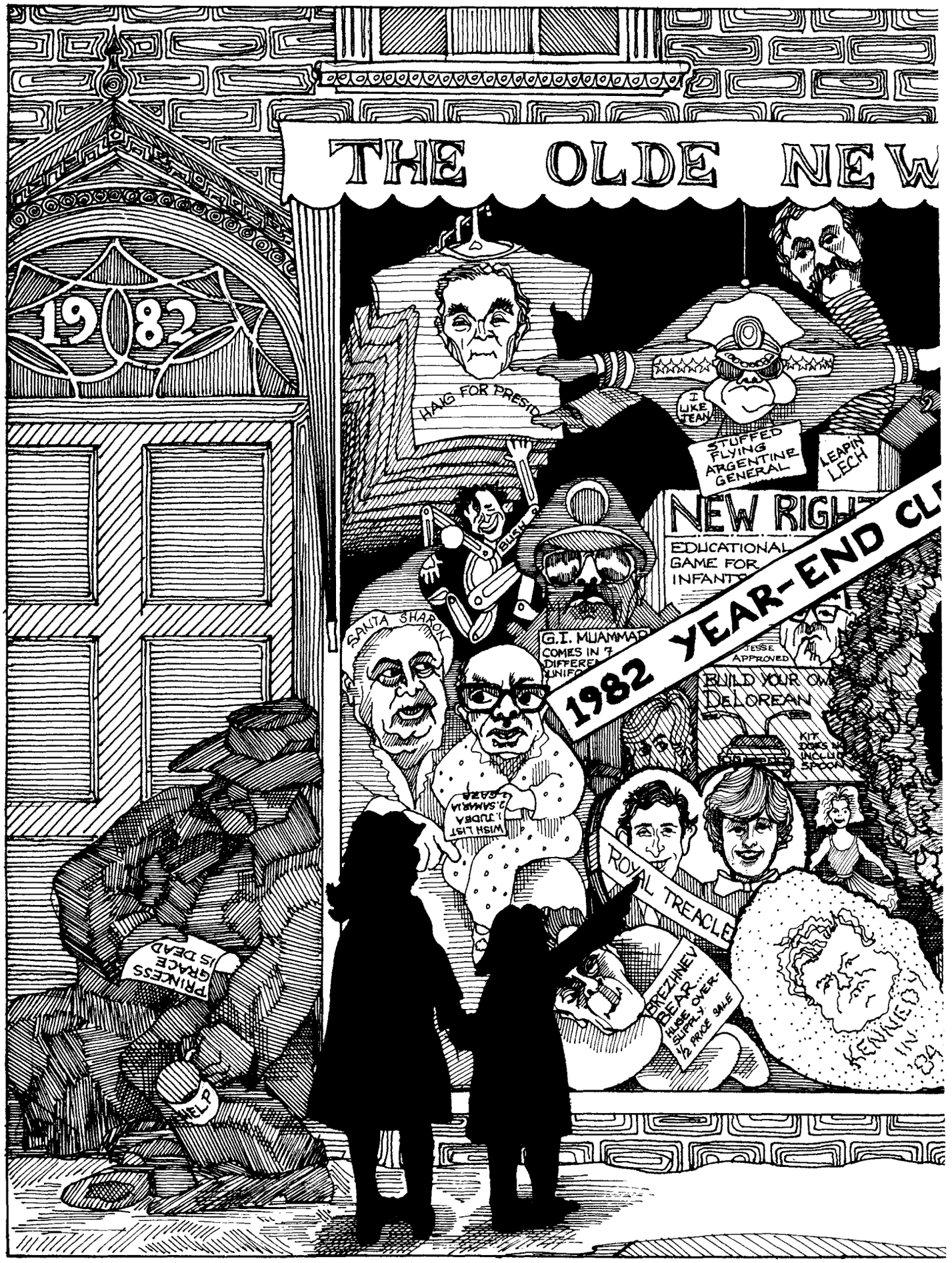

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UNEMPLOYMENT
PAY DAY
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TRUST ME
NEW THIS YEAR UNEMPLOYMENT
PROMISES
NEW THIS YEAR UNEMPLOYMENT
MONOPOLY
CLUE
NEW THIS YEAR UNEMPLOYMENT
NEW THIS YEAR UNEMPLOYMENT
SORRY
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DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

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NOTEBOOK

□ GUNFIGHT AT THE A.E.I. CORRAL: George Gilder debated TNR contributing editor Robert Reich at the Mayflower Hotel the other day, under the auspices of the American Enterprise Institute. Something shocking was revealed. Mr. Gilder has defected. The economic policies of the 1970s have no more ardent advocate than he. Energy, housing, jobs, productivity—according to Mr. Gilder (who looks and sounds like Tommy Smothers), the United States has it all. Why, then, Reaganomics? asked Mr. Reich. To remove the government from the way of poor people, said Mr. Gilder. They must again assume their historical role as the agents of economic growth. In a way, we agree. If poor people will get the economy moving again, we must have Reaganomics, because no other school of economics can produce so many poor people. What ails the poor, however, is not exactly federal regulation. Mr. Gilder spoke for a kind of capitalism disgracefully devoid of compassion. Not so Mr. Reich. His analysis was a stirring case of capitalism with a human face.

□ FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES, December 8: "A John Lennon Award has been created at the University of California at Los Angeles to provide $1,000 a year to a graduate student whose research best exemplifies the spirit of the slain musician. The first recipient is Geraldine Keeling, a graduate student in historical musicology, who will use her $1,000 to conduct a research project on the relationship between Franz Liszt and the 20 pianos he owned or played." Acquisitiveness immortalized by antiquarianism. There must be a better idea. Imagine no possessions. Imagine no graduate students.

□ TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "Kennan may be right in warning against following up the folly of technically slipping behind by the opposite folly of trying to outdo the Russians in every conceivable field at once. But if he really thinks we could stop the arms race unilaterally, he is wrong. We need not be able to boast that the first rocket to the moon was Made in the USA, or that we can inflict X times as much destruction on the Russians as they can inflict on us. But we must be sure, and must keep the Russians convinced, that whatever they do to us, we can still damage heavily. Only thus can we rely on their self-interest to prevent them from risking all-out war; only so long will our guarantee to anybody make sense; only on that basis can we negotiate settlements that will further reduce the risk. *The effort to keep up our armaments and the development of a policy for negotiation are not mutually exclusive alternatives; they are complements, each indispensable to ensure the other's success.* ("Kennan's Advice," editorial, January 6, 1958.)

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

ANOTHER YEAR OLDER

BY LUCK, by showing flexibility, and by skill at manipulating public attitudes, Ronald Reagan survived his second year as President in better shape than he had a right to, given the dismal state of the economy. Congress probably should have rebelled against him, but it didn't. Reagan won most of his major budget and tax battles. *Congressional Quarterly*'s overall tally of votes on issues big and small shows that the Senate supported Reagan 59 percent of the time in the first ten months of 1982, as compared to 65.4 percent in 1981, and that Reagan's fall-off in the Democratic House was even smaller—from 53.3 percent in 1981 to 51 percent this year. With unemployment close to 11 percent, the public perhaps should have rebelled, too, but most opinion polls show a drop of only five points in Reagan's approval ratings during the last year. Various political experts predicted that the Republican Party would lose 40 or even 50 House seats in November, and might possibly lose control of the Senate as well, but the actual House losses were a moderate 26, and Reagan lost no seats in the Senate.

Again this year, Ronald Reagan seems to have survived whatever curse it is that has caused recent Presidents to fail. There is not yet the kind of serious discussion that we saw in the Carter years about whether something is inherently flawed in America's constitutional system, and whether we need a six-year Presidential term, four-year House and Senate terms, or even a full-blown parliamentary system. Still, 1982 was a year of deterioration for the Reagan Presidency. Reagan's economic policies were not succeeding. Strains began developing in his White House staff. On big issues, Reagan's grip on Congress started slipping, as witness the rejection of production money for the MX missile and the override of his September veto of a $14.2 billion supplemental appropriations bill. Reagan put some handsome foreign policy ships to sea (notably, his Mideast initiative and his nuclear weapons proposals) but none have come triumphantly back to port, and one (the effort to restrict Western trade with the Eastern bloc) sank embarrassingly like a stone. Finally, the election returns showed that Reagan was losing the blue-collar, ethnic, and Catholic voters who helped him win his 1980 landslide, and his hard-core conservative supporters grew disillusioned with the compromises Reagan had made in trying to govern.

Ronald Reagan was able to govern as well as he did thanks to a combination of his own persuasive skills, his willingness to compromise, and the shrewdness of his staff in managing the public, Congress, and the President himself. Also, perhaps, Reagan has been helped by the examples of Presidential failure preceding him.

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There is a real question, though, whether all this will be enough to carry him successfully through 1983. Reagan's position in Congress next year will be weaker than it was this year. The public's "pool of patience" is drying up. The country is going to demand results—above all, an economic recovery—or else Ronald Reagan may well join Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter on the list of Presidential losers, and a year from now the discussion of institutional changes will resume.

Some of the President's top aides say that although final results will not be in on the Reagan Presidency until November 6, 1984 (assuming that Reagan runs again), the coming year will be the most significant of his term—the one that sets the substantive stage for the political year to follow. And, some of these aides say, decisions reached during the first six months of 1983—notably on the budget and Social Security—will be the most significant of the year.

EXCEPT for the President himself, almost everybody in the Reagan White House stopped believing long ago in the promises of supply-side economics as conveyed by the Administration in 1980. Gradually, even the President has been eased out of strict adherence to supply-side theology. He originally proposed a 30 percent individual tax cut, but accepted 25 percent. In 1982 he stoutly refused to consider any tax increases, and then relented and fought for one against his most conservative backers. This fall he was against a gasoline tax increase, but then came to favor it. Part of the change, aides say, is due to Reagan's own inherent flexibility, as demonstrated earlier in California. "He'd rather have 70 percent than nothing anytime," one assistant said. The change also is due to behind-the-scenes activities by his staff, which has worked on him and on leaders in Congress to fashion compromises and fall-backs to be ready when they are needed.

On any number of occasions, skillful behind-the-scenes maneuvering has made embarrassments look like victories. For example, when the President submitted his fiscal 1983 budget last February, it was rejected unanimously, 20 to 0, by the Republican-dominated Senate Budget Committee. The vote occurred at 2:30 p.m. By 5 p.m., a deputation of White House aides met with Senate leaders to forge a compromise whose terms had been substantially reached in advance. By 10 p.m., the Senate committee had voted for the compromise, and the next morning's headlines gave the Administration credit. Similarly, on the House side, the Administration's two budget-cut triumphs—Gramm-Latta I in 1981 and Gramm-Latta II this year—were described by Administration aides as containing "hundreds of individual compromises" that were not reported in the general awe at Presidential victory. In cases where the President might have lost, the White House did not commit the President's personal prestige. The busing and abortion controversies this fall are examples.

The operators who have worked so skillfully on the President (moderating him), Congress (maneuvering in it), and the press (manipulating its impressions) comprise the Legislative Strategy Group, the White House's elite inner action group of top aides that is empowered de facto (it does not even exist de jure, and there is no organization chart for it) to devise tactics to get the President's program through Congress. In the process, it often alters the program itself. Invented by chief of staff James Baker, the L.S.G. is coordinated by Presidential assistant Richard Darman, and consists of counselor Edwin Meese, deputy chief of staff Michael Deaver, communications director David Gergen, and chief lobbyist Michael Duberstein, plus whatever Cabinet officers are concerned with the legislative strategy under consideration at the moment. The L.S.G. is deemed by some observers to have worked so effectively as a mediating structure between a highly ideological President and a pragmatic Congress as to disprove the case that the Constitutional doctrine of Separation of Powers renders the U.S. system inherently impotent.

But whether all this success—some of it real, some apparent—can continue in 1983 is open to serious question. In spite of all the compromises of 1981 and 1982, most top White House aides believe there is still a fundamental flaw in Reaganomics. The President's tax cuts have reduced federal revenues to about 17 percent of the G.N.P., while expenditures amount to 22 percent, leaving a 5 percent structural deficit that amounts to some $200 billion. The need to borrow this money means that interest rates will remain high and recovery will be weak.

On the issue of what to do, the White House is divided. The "political side" believes that a strong recovery and economic growth are essential to Republican prospects in 1984. These aides want to "reflate" the economy by putting pressure on the Federal Reserve Board to keep interest rates low and to close the deficit by postponing indexation of taxes and by cutting the rate of defense growth. On the "economic side" of the White House, there is fear that "reflation" will reignite inflation and cause long-term interest rates to rise, choking off recovery. The President's chief economic adviser, Martin Feldstein, is calling for a slow and steady drop in unemployment to just under 9 percent by election time in 1984. James Baker and others on the political side are said to favor more rapid economic growth, and say it can occur without inflation because only 60 percent of the nation's industrial capacity is being used.

However they feel about reflation, almost all the advisers think Reagan needs to raise revenues again and trim defense to close his yawning deficits, but no one knows whether he will or can take these steps. Aides agree it does no good to tell him that his reelection prospects ride on it. "That doesn't get in to him. You have to couch it in other ways: 'If you want to continue to get things done' or 'if you want to be fair to people.' " Even if such arguments are used, aides agree it's important that Reagan not be asked—and not appear—to

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reverse his course, even if what he is doing is making midcourse corrections. The White House fears that a zig-zag could make Reagan appear "another Carter."

And then there is Social Security, which is described by one aide as "more than a hot potato. It's a hand grenade." In private most Democratic and Republican leaders agree that some compromise combination of tax increases, benefit adjustments, postponement of the retirement age, and coverage of federal workers is necessary to save the system. In public, Democrats tend to oppose benefit cuts, Republicans oppose tax increases, and both are terrified of the aged, especially the new chairman of the House Rules Committee, 83-year-old Representative Claude Pepper. At the same time, failure to solve Social Security's fiscal crisis could undermine public faith in the American political system—not to mention the current crop of political leaders. So some sort of compromise probably will come, but the process may be painful.

OTHER DIFFICULTIES facing the President in 1983 are divisiveness in the White House staff and the prospect that Congress has lost much of its awe of President Reagan. The widely reported tension between James Baker on the "operational" side and Edwin Meese on the "policy" side apparently is not ideological or even personal. In fact, it is said to exist not so much between those two top aides as between their underlings. Each set of subordinates is said to be unhappy with the way the other runs its shop. Each group would like a unified command structure—under its boss. But unless one of the bosses is willing to go to President Reagan and say, "This is intolerable. Accept my resignation," nothing is likely to happen to change the current, restive situation.

As to Congress, there is a small chance (one in fifty, said one aide) that a grand compromise can be worked out early next year. It's more likely that President Reagan will send up a wildly unbalanced budget, with many severe cuts in domestic spending and few in defense. Congress again would reject it, as in 1982, and compromise would come only after a series of test votes. In 1983, though, it will be harder for the White House to pre-cook the compromises and make them look like Presidential victories.

Most of Reagan's top advisers say they operate on the assumption that he will run again in 1984. They are holding meetings and drafting memos on what the President should do if he does intend to run, and on how money should be spent by the Republican National Committee and a Presidential campaign committee if and when it's formed. But most aides acknowledge that everything depends upon the fate of Reaganomics. If it fails, Reagan fails. And if Reagan fails, even if the fault is Reagan's, the Constitution will be blamed just as it nears its 200th Anniversary.

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UNREAL ESTATE

THOSE WHO IMAGINE that the midterm elections woke the Reagan Administration from its supply-side dream of simultaneously cutting taxes and reducing the deficit are due for a disappointment. Still eager to stay the course, the Administration is sticking to one of its worst ideas for "revenue enhancement": to sell off government properties and federal lands, mostly to private buyers. It's an idea that conservatives find ideologically irresistible, and they claim that a windfall is there for the taking.

But the Administration has been uncharacteristically quiet about this proposal, for two reasons. First, "privatization," if ever seriously put forward on the scale its proponents would like, will not be popular, particularly among those who now use public lands—a group that happens to include a great many Westerners. And second, the Administration has little idea how to proceed with its vast real estate sale.

The Administration expects to receive $1 billion in fiscal year 1983 from the sale of federal government property, and $4 billion a year for four years thereafter from the sale of public lands. Congressional committees don't know how the White House came up with these figures, how much property and land will have to be sold to meet the targets, or even what legislation will have to be passed to permit the Interior Department to sell enough land to bring in that much money. The Congressional Budget Office thinks the government may receive half of what it expects in the next three years, though it cautions that even this figure is "optimistic."

Last February President Reagan established a Property Review Board to expedite the sale of "unneeded" federal buildings and land. Included in a preliminary list of 307 unappraised parcels to be offered for sale in 1983 were seventeen acres of beach-front property on Hawaii's Waikiki Beach, now owned by the Department of Defense but open to the public; the old New York Assay Office, a vacant building on Wall Street; a chunk of California's Big Sur; and thousands of acres of government property across the country. It won't be easy to sell everything listed. A law passed in 1968, for example, requires Congressional approval before the Hawaiian beach-front property can be sold, and Hawaii's senior Senator, Daniel Inouye, opposes selling it. Cities and states will have the right of first refusal to buy land offered for sale within their jurisdictions. But the Board promises to extract fair-market value regardless of buyer, and cash-strapped local and state treasuries will not find it easy to compete with commercial enterprises.

Government properties have, of course, been sold in the past. In fiscal 1982 the General Services Administration sold one hundred fifty properties for $93 million.

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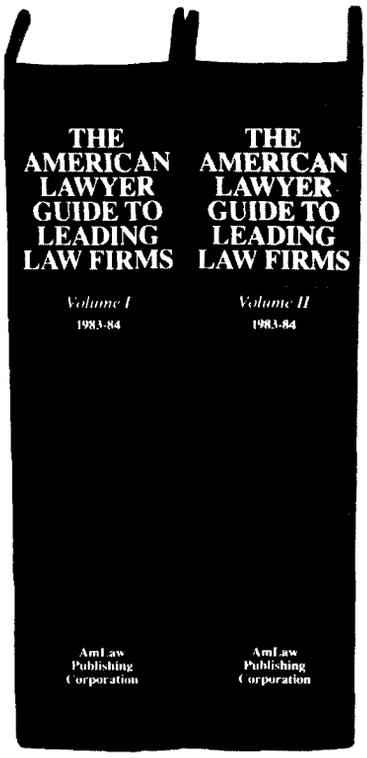

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But this is trifling compared to the Administration's goals. It is not the sale of government property that is expected to yield vast proceeds, but of public lands. Yet, according to Secretary Watt, the Interior Department will offer only small, isolated, difficult-to-manage tracts of land as well as land in or near Western urban areas, emphasizing that national parks, wilderness areas, or lands that contain mineral resources will not be sold "under any circumstances." Secretary Watt promised a Senate audience that he could conceive of selling no more than 5 percent of the public lands, or about thirty-five million acres of the more than seven hundred million the government owns. He nonetheless refuses to say where so much "surplus" federal land actually is, or who will be able or willing to pay so much for it.

PROPONENTS OF public land sales like to point out that this is not a new idea. At one time the federal government held title to four-fifths of the total land area of the United States, territory it had acquired by purchase, annexation, and foreign cession. During the 1800s land was not scarce, and Congress sought to transfer federal lands to states, corporations, and individuals as quickly as possible. For the most part, the policy was successful, and America's agricultural lands were developed, though more often by railroads and other corporations than by the mythic yeoman farmer. But the arid territory west of the hundredth meridan was not settled so easily, and most of this land remained in the public domain, subject to the claims of lumbermen, miners, stockmen, and speculators whose focus on short-term profits did not include a concern for long-range development.

Responding to fears that the forests, and the watersheds they protected, were endangered, in 1891 Congress authorized the President to set aside forest reserves. Theodore Roosevelt and his chief forester, Gifford Pinchot, introduced new conceptions of federal responsibility for natural resources and public lands. Believing in the beneficent power of nonpartisan good government, and committed to the principles of scientific management, Roosevelt and Pinchot sought to secure federal ownership for all but the most fertile land remaining in the public domain. They aimed less to preserve wilderness, as conservationists like John Muir would have preferred, than to manage development intelligently. They created national forests, parks, wildlife refuges, and reclamation projects, and left the legacy of government involvement in land management decisions that so upsets their Republican successors today.

As late as the Depression, however, the United States had no clearly defined official policy regarding public lands. Most of this land, apart from the forests, had little surface value except for grazing. Unregulated overuse by cattlemen and sheep raisers was debasing soil conditions. The Hoover Administration offered to give these lands to the states, but they refused: the lands seemed worthless without their mineral rights, which the federal government meant to keep. But something had to be done. With Western dust in their lungs, legislators passed the Taylor Grazing Act of 1934, effectively ending the era of free access to public lands. The act made the Department of the Interior responsible for the "orderly use, improvement, and development" of the public range, and gave the Secretary the authority to require users to obtain a permit, pay for it, and obey federal grazing regulations.

In 1976, when Congress passed the Federal Land Policy and Management Act, which mandated for the first time that federal lands be held publicly in perpetuity for the benefit of the entire nation, the government still owned some 760 million acres. This land, over 90 percent of it west of the Rockies, represents one-third of the lower forty-eight states. Included are many of our national parks, wilderness areas, wildlife refuges, and national forests, as well as over three hundred million acres of public land managed by the Bureau of Land Management, which contain accessible deposits of oil, gas, coal, and other hard rock minerals, and which are used widely both for grazing and recreation. By law, the forests and the range are managed according to the principles first espoused by Roosevelt and Pinchot; they are available for lumbering, drilling, mining, and grazing, subject to certain conditions, while protected by the government for future use.

HOWEVER, many Westerners, even while reaping the benefits of federal management, chafed under the new restrictions. Politicians argued that federal regulations stifled growth and that the land should be turned over to the states so that it could be developed in accordance with Western wishes. Forgetting that the arid land of the West required government management for the collective welfare, as one hundred years of settlement patterns had shown, and ignoring the huge sums of money that Washington "returned" to the states in oil, gas, and coal royalties, and in payment in lieu of taxes, Western politicians successfully marketed their protest by giving it a new name—the Sagebrush Rebellion—and by adopting the popular antigovernment rhetoric of the day.

When Reagan captured the White House and selected James Watt, one of the chief spokesmen of the Sagebrush Rebellion, to be Secretary of the Interior, Westerners between the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada were elated. But their hopes to establish a new economic hegemony based upon the transfer of federal lands to the states were soon deflated by the requirements of new right theology.

The man chiefly responsible for derailing the Sagebrush Rebellion was not some ardent environmentalist, but a senior economist on the President's Council of Economic Advisers, Steve Hanke. Hanke, a neoclassical, supply-side economist, believes that government management, or "bureaucratic socialism," is inefficient because it is not responsible to the only *rational* distributor

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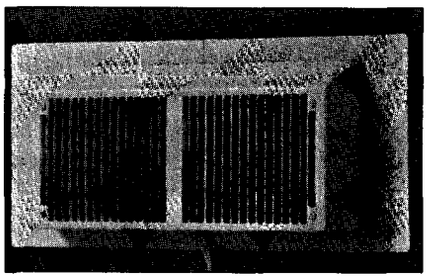

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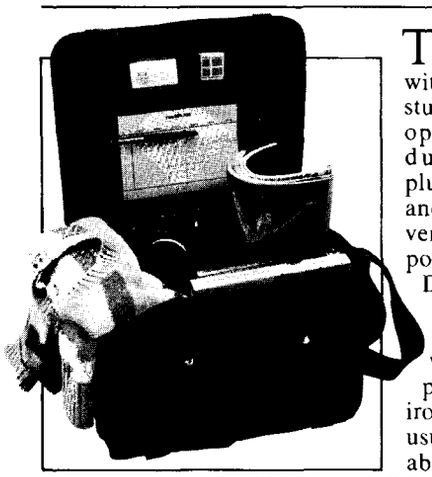

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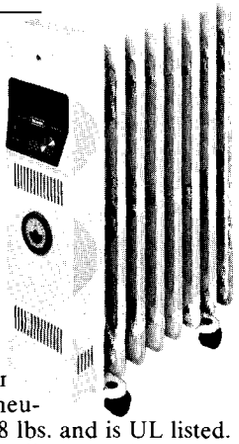
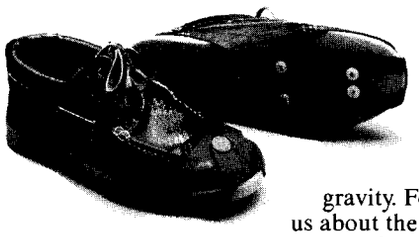


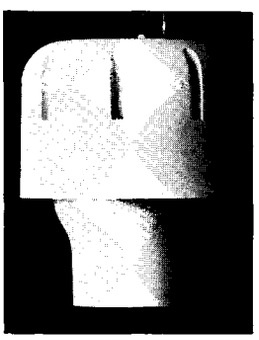
Here is a heater with the sophistication to automatically start warming your bedroom or bathroom before you get up! The secret is the *built-in timer—it lets you program this portable heater to go on and off in 15 minute intervals day or night.* It's filled with a special diathermic oil that never needs replacing. It has three heat settings (600w, 900w and 1,500w) and provides a maximum of 5,100 BTUs. A built-in thermostat responds to room temperature, but this DeLonghi heater never gets dangerously hot, making it perfect for a child's bedroom or playroom. This unit has easy-roll wheels for portability and all-steel construction in a neutral oyster color. It's 18″x8″x25″, weighs 38 lbs. and is UL listed. *This model with automatic timer is not generally available in stores* and costs **$150.00** ($12.95) #A485.

Slip-On Spikes



Ice and feet make a treacherous combination. With ice underfoot, walking is no longer a mere habit but a reckless challenge to the law of gravity. Fear of falling whispers to us about the danger of our feet flying out from under us in a sudden, total and undignified loss of control. These rubber harnesses slip right over shoes or boots and put four tungsten-carbide-tipped spikes between you and the ice. The spikes fit easily in a coat pocket or bag and slip on in seconds. Order size small #A633 for shoe sizes up to 8, medium #A634 for 8½-11 and large #A635 for 11½ and over. If you plan to wear the spikes over heavy boots, order the next larger size. The slip-on spikes cost **$16.00** ($2.95) a pair.

Destratification Devices



Still air stratifies, sitting in layers according to temperature, cold at the bottom, warm at the top. An average home may show a 10° or 15° temperature difference between floor and ceiling. The Strato-Jet is a new type of ceiling fan that de-stratifies the air with less fuss and draftiness—and at lower cost—than the typical overhead fan. The counter-clockwise rotation of the fan creates a low-velocity airflow that sets up a natural convection current to circulate room air gently and continuously. The Strato-Jet fans are whisper quiet, unobtrusive and a snap to install. Operating costs are negligible—the smaller model will run continuously for a week for less than 20¢. According to testimonials from satisfied customers, the fan saves up to 15% on heating costs and is especially useful in conjunction with alternative energy sources (wood stoves, space heaters, solar heating systems). The Strato-Jet comes in 2 sizes. The smaller model (shown above) is for an average-sized room (up to 200 sq. ft.) with 8′ ceilings. The unit is 6″ diameter by 7½″ deep, comes with a 10′ cord and costs **$40.00** ($3.95) #A660. The larger model serves rooms up to 400 sq. ft. and ceilings up to 16′. It measures 10″ diameter by 12″ deep, has a 13′ cord and costs **$75.00** ($4.95) #A661. Both Strato-Jets are UL listed and carry a 1-year warranty.

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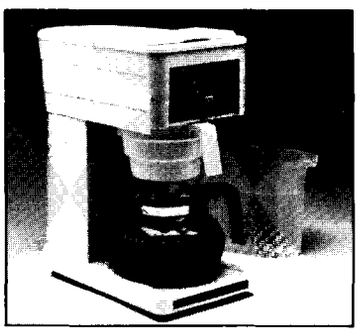
Industrial Coveralls

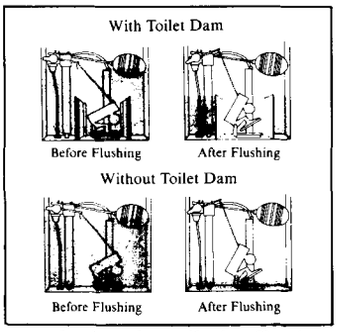
Meatpackers, vitamin-makers, electronics workers, spray-painters—many kinds of workers wear coveralls on the job. That need has given rise to a new kind of garment made from polyethylene fibers that are spunbonded together. The result is not a film, a fabric or paper—though it combines good qualities of all three materials. These plastic-chic coveralls are surprisingly durable and resistant to punctures and tears, can be washed and reused, are light (under 6 oz.), hold out moisture and splashes (better against water-base liquids than oil-base), and cost a fraction of normal cloth coveralls. They make perfect sense for the homeowner or do-it-yourselfer, a way to save your clothes from dirty or nasty work: clean-ups, painting, repairs, attic and basement, gardening and so on. We are offering the coveralls in sets of two: order two mediums #A669, two larges #A670 or one medium and one large #A671. Each set of coveralls costs **$15.00** ($2.95). These coveralls are white (high visibility if you have to change a tire on your way to a dinner party), double sewn with full-length zipper, 3 pockets and elasticized waistband. Sizes are men's medium or large (since the material does not ravel, arms and legs can be cut to exact length with scissors). It is a smart way to protect yourself from the grime of your labors.

Coffee Service Par Excellence



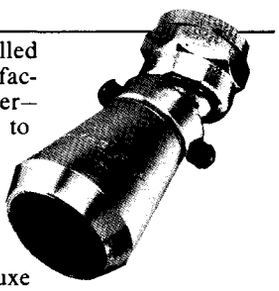
The best cup of coffee we've tasted comes from the Bunn-O-Matic Corporation. They manufacture the vast majority of commercial coffee brewers so it's no wonder that we found their home model outstanding in design, performance and economy of operation. The Bunn home model is constructed in essentially the same way as the commercial models with stainless steel and copper interiors. It utilizes three different heaters: an 800-watt heater, which comes on for about 10 minutes whenever fresh water is added to the system; a 34-w heater, which stays on continuously and keeps the water inside the unit at 200°; and a 65-w warmer, which is switch-controlled and used to keep brewed coffee warm. It is marvelous to have 8 cups of freshly brewed coffee ready in less than three minutes. As for the taste, you'll have to see for yourself—but the next time you are in a restaurant where you especially like the coffee, look to see if it wasn't brewed on a Bunn. The basic Bunn brewer, Model GR, comes in almond-colored, nonstainable plastic and costs **$69.00** ($7.95) #A370. Bunn also offers a deluxe model in all stainless steel. This Model LX,—the only one of its kind on the market—costs a respectable **$189.00** ($8.95) #A371. The manufacturer provides a full one-year warranty on both models.

Toilet Sanity

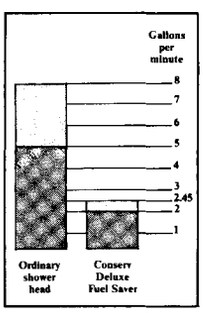


A government study shows that 45% of the water used by the average American family gets flushed down the toilet. That is 90 gal. per day for the family of four. Such extravagence is unconscionable. The conventional flush toilet uses 5 to 8 gal. of clean fresh water each flush, when 2.5 to 3 gal. is sufficient. What can we do about this insanity? Use toilet dams. Putting a dam in the tank saves ⅓ to ½ the flush without reducing the toilet's effectiveness. (It doesn't reduce the *pressure* of the flush, just the amount of water used.) Putting dams in all your toilets could cut your overall water use (and bill) up to 20%—a vital savings in the parts of the country affected by drought and a sensible step for everyone to take. For **$11.00** ($1.95) #A259, we can supply first-quality toilet dam units made of stainless steel and thermoplastic rubber. It comes with a 5-year limited warranty. It requires no tools (or special effort) to install and will pay for itself in a matter of months.

Savings In The Shower



This finely crafted shower head called the Deluxe Fuel Saver and manufactured by Con-Serv, cuts the use of water—hot water—in the shower from 5 or 8 to 2.45 gallons per minute. With the conventional shower head, the average family of four uses 300 to 400 gallons of water—much of it heated—everyday. According to U.S. Department of Energy figures, with the Deluxe Fuel Saver that same family uses 70% less water in the shower and realizes a savings of between $150 and $350 depending on the utility rates. Although the amount of water is significantly reduced, it is aerated and accelerated—utilizing the Venturi principle—for an invigorating shower. The Deluxe Fuel Saver also offers a "trickle valve" that allows you to stop water flow while soaping up. Made of chrome-plated solid brass, the Deluxe Fuel Saver is accompanied by a one-year limited warranty. It installs easily over the standard ½" shower arm with pliers or a wrench—no plumber is needed. We offer the Con-Serv Deluxe Fuel Saver for **$16.00** ($2.95) #A351.



*ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS AND GUARANTEE: We ship via United Parcel Service wherever possible to insure prompt delivery. The cost of each item is shown followed by its shipping and handling charges in ( ). Be sure to add the cost **plus** shipping and handling charges for each item ordered to arrive at the **total price** of each item. If you are not satisfied for any reason, return the article to us within 30 days, and we'll exchange it or refund the cost, per your instructions.*

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of human and natural resources: the bottom line. But Hanke opposed the Sagebrush Rebels' desire to transfer authority from Washington to the Western state capitals. In a speech to the Public Lands Council in September 1981 that captured the imagination of the Administration, Hanke pointed out the theoretical fallacy of the Sagebrush Rebellion. "It makes no difference whether there is federal or state control over public lands. . . . The only way to improve the productivity and efficiency of public lands is to privatize them." According to Hanke, not only would the land become more productive (and taxable) if it were privately owned, but Washington could also stop wasting millions of tax dollars to pay the bumbling bureaucrats who mismanage the grazing, forest, and minerals programs for the government.

HANKE WANTS to reverse the resource management trends of the past ninety years. His proposals to "privatize" the public domain appeal to the likes of libertarian John Baden, who proposes selling the national parks to environmental groups, and to Richard Stroup, Director of the Office of Policy Analysis in the Department of the Interior, who believes that industry will protect the forests and the range better than government. But Hanke's visions ventured beyond the pale of political acceptability, even in this era of radical conservatism. Along with other true believers in the supply-side revolution, Hanke resigned when the gap between Reagan's rhetoric and actions grew too large and the demands of government too frustrating.

But Hanke had had an impact. His idea of selling public lands to make them more productive was seized upon by officials at the Office of Management and Budget, who quickly calculated that they could raise $17 billion over the next five years. Senator Paul Laxalt of Nevada explains: "Given a similar economic mess, any rational businessman would begin selling off excess capital assets."

In the meantime, an unlikely coalition has emerged to criticize what Governor Ed Herschler of Wyoming called "the ambiguous and uncertain nature of the current privatization proposals." Last May Herschler pointed out to the Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee the folly of sacrificing future revenue from royalties and grazing fees by selling land to reduce the present deficit. Afraid that the simplicity of the plan would appeal to many in search of a quick fix to the budget problem, he warned that a large-scale disposal program would depress the Western real estate market, causing both private and federal property values to plummet. Herschler said he also feared that ranchers and lumbermen who use the public domain for grazing and logging might not be able to afford to buy the land they need, particularly if confronted with corporate and foreign competition. (Hanke and Laxalt have proposed that ranchers at least be given the right of first refusal to buy at reduced rates the land they now use, even though the suggestion conflicts with their twin goals of reducing the deficit and letting the market determine the best use for the land.) Finally, Herschler reminded his audience that if the government ignores such "non-market values" as the preservation of open spaces and wildlife, then tourism, recreation, and the general quality of life in the West will suffer. Apparently the Administration's new philosophy has made the Governor of Watt's home state a defender of environmentalism.

Herschler was soon joined by other spokesmen for Western interests, including Governors Lamm and Matheson of Colorado and Utah, who presented their views to the House Subcommittee on Public Lands and National Parks. Norman Glaser, a Nevada State Senator and a leading exponent of the Sagebrush Rebellion, declared his state's vehement opposition to any plan that would "privatize" public land. While Glaser and other state officials approve of Watt's "Good Neighbor Policy," under which thousands of acres of public land will eventually be *given* to state and local governments, they fear having to purchase the land they want or need. But pressure from David Stockman and Senator Charles Percy, who, like Laxalt, thinks the government should be more businesslike about its holdings, has forced Watt to terminate his policy of turning over federal lands gratis "except in special circumstances."

IF THE PAST is any indicator, we can expect vocal and effective opposition from local and state governments before valuable federal land in their jurisdictions is sold and the public's access limited. Just before Cape Henlopen State Park on the coast of Delaware, for example, was to be turned over to the state, Senator Percy suggested that it be sold rather than granted to Delaware. If the state did not want to buy it, he told Senator Biden of Delaware, who was testifying before his subcommittee, then the federal government should find someone who would pay cash. Biden shook his fist at Percy and replied, "If this doesn't go back to the State of Delaware, I'm telling you we'll call out the National Guard to keep [any other owner] from crossing our park. No sucker is going to get in and out of there without a helicopter." Delaware got its park.

The Administration's plan has alienated state and local government officials, cattlemen, sheep raisers, and the millions of people who use the public lands for recreation (not to mention the environmentalists who recoil when Watt boasts that federal land sales will turn sheep pastures into industrial sites and deserts into resorts). This pervasive opposition is not surprising: the only group likely to profit from federal land sales would be speculators, both foreign and American, who will willingly buy at bottom dollar whatever valuable property Uncle Sam wants to sell them.

EDWARD ABRAHAMS

Edward Abrahams is a freelance writer based in Washington, D.C.

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Amman for all seasons.

THE TIMID KING

BY DAVID PRYCE-JONES

AFTER PLAYING HOST to several embarrassing foreign leaders, such as Zia ul-Haq of Pakistan and Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines, the White House welcomes to Washington this week the man whom everyone admires: King Hussein of Jordan. Through the several wars and violent disturbances of his thirty-year rule, he has always come up smiling. Like Gallant Little Belgium in its day, Jordan is perceived as struggling to hold its own. The King's personal qualities of courage and tenacity are not in doubt. What is coming more and more into question is his statesmanship. He has been developing the habit of pandering to his enemies and distancing himself from his friends. It is not Machiavelli alone who would judge this to be the way to the exit.

The King's Arab neighbors, Saudi Arabia, Syria, and Iraq, wish him ill with degrees of intensity that vary according to circumstances. Saudi policy toward Jordan is chronically suspicious and confused, which may not matter much so long as some of its oil royalties reach the central bank in Amman. But Jordan's relations with radical Syria, and now with radical Iraq, have been dangerously based on passing expediency. After two years of murderous warfare, the Iranians are encroaching upon Iraq, and may consolidate their gains. Every so often King Hussein or his prime minister flies off to Baghdad to hear the latest news; invariably he returns gloomier than before, but still eager to help. In the watches of the night, it is not hard to imagine hordes of Ayatollah-crazed Revolutionary Guards swarming toward Amman. Contemptuous of pan-Arab solidarity, Syria is so hostile to Iraq that it supports Iran in this war, and has turned on King Hussein for his pro-Iraq stand. The Syrian-Jordanian friendship, which blossomed upon the rejection of Camp David, has been exposed as the fraudulent politicking it was. In the exhausting business of Arab radical brotherhood, Jordanian diplomats have been kidnapped by Syrians; Syrian murder squads have been dispatched to Amman to shoot down anyone they can in the royal entourage; and the threat of war is waved daily in the King's face.

Turning in the other direction, toward Jerusalem, King Hussein can catch on the wind the slogan bellowed by General Sharon, that "Jordan is a Palestinian state." The fact that this slogan is without substance does not diminish its menace. What if General Sharon took it into his head to redesign politics in Jordan, as in Lebanon?

Another nightmare takes shape: that it may no longer be in the interests of Israel to have Hussein on the throne. To date, no Israeli government could have stood by idly while Jordan slipped into Baathist-style militarism along the lines of Syria and Iraq, or, alternatively, was taken over by the Palestine Liberation Organization. In more than one crunch, Israel supplied vital arms and fuel to the King, or allowed such supplies to be airlifted across its own territory, or even mobilized in support of Jordan. But in today's climate, perhaps, some de facto annexation of the West Bank might be compensated for by paying off Yasir Arafat with power in Jordan. The Bedouins would fight to the last man, and would win; but never mind, Likud cynics and fantasists might reply, only Palestinians need be killed.

Isolation from America, Jordan's backer of last resort, is even more serious. The King has only himself to blame. No doubt President Carter took it for granted that the King would join the Camp David peace-making, and that was tactless. It could not have been foreseen that he would prefer to fall in with Syria and the rejectionists, even putting himself at their financial mercy (complaining now that their checks have a way of remaining unsigned, while American grants and loans have fallen in the last year to little more than $200 million). No sooner was President Reagan installed in the White House than King Hussein visited him, only to hurry off to Moscow to ask for missiles, anxious to place his head voluntarily on the Soviet block. Luckily for him, the Russians have decided to be ungenerous.

If President Sadat was able to go to Jerusalem, why has King Hussein's proverbial courage failed when it comes to political negotiations on his own behalf? Let it be conceded at once that his position is fraught with peril. He, his attractive American wife Lisa Halaby, now Queen Noor, and all his children could well be butchered as a consequence of gross misjudgment. His cousin, King Faisal of Iraq, was trampled to death while trying to escape from the 1958 uprising in his country, and the recollection of it must color those depressing journeys to Baghdad. In Amman, the mob would be Palestinian. Census figures are unreliable; but of the two to three

David Pryce-Jones is the author of *The Face of Defeat: Palestinian Refugees and Guerrillas* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), a history of the Palestinian Arabs.

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New Books By Our Contributing Editors

The following books by our contributing editors were published in 1982:

ROBERT COLES

Dorothea Lange: Photographs of a Lifetime (Aperture)

In a biographical essay accompanying this collection of one hundred photographs, Mr. Coles sketches the life and work of this pioneering documentary photographer, best known for her studies of the dust-bowl years.

PAUL FUSSELL

The Boy Scout Handbook and Other Observations (Oxford)

Mr. Fussell ranges from a discussion of the virtues of the Boy Scout Handbook to observations of war, travel, and class structure in America. Twelve of the thirty-four pieces originally appeared in TNR.

JOHN KEEGAN

Six Armies in Normandy (Viking)

Mr. Keegan narrates the story of the Allies' greatest military achievement, the 1944 invasion of Normandy, and shows how each of the armies, while sharing a common purpose, reflected its own nation's values.

JOYCE CAROL OATES

A Bloodsmoor Romance (Dutton)

Ms. Oates's fourteenth novel is a takeoff on the gothic romance genre, a tale of five sisters in search of love, told with a satiric and feminist twist.

ROBERT B. REICH

Minding America's Business
(Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich)

In collaboration with Ira C. Magaziner, Mr. Reich presents a detailed account of the problems of American business in worldwide competition and prescribes government policies to foster industrial growth and adjustment.

ANNE TYLER

Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant (Knopf)

Set in her native Baltimore, Ms. Tyler's ninth novel follows a fatherless family—two brothers, their sister, and their angry mother—from difficult youth to maturity.

In addition, the following books were published by New Republic Books/Holt, Rinehart & Winston: Libyan Sandstorm, *by John K. Cooley, a complete account of Qaddafi's revolution;* Brecht in Exile, *by Bruce Cook, a fresh look at the playwright's Hollywood years; and* Florencewalks, *by Anne Holler, four intimate walking tours of Florence, with maps, photos, and a guide to selected restaurants and shops.*

million Jordanians, more than half are Palestinians. They have proved loyal Jordanians, but the King has had to be looking over his shoulder just in case they were to swing over to the P.L.O.

Debate in Amman about how to handle the Palestinians goes back to 1948. The Emir Abdullah, Hussein's grandfather, was then on the throne. The war against the Jews promised the expansion he had longed for, and his Arab Legion captured the West Bank, including the Old City of Jerusalem. The United Nations had already voted to create an independent Palestinian Arab state in this area, alongside the new Israel. Abdullah annexed it instead, a step recognized by Britain and Pakistan alone. Constitutional devices were then arranged in order to show that the majority of West Bankers approved of being annexed and given Jordanian citizenship—which was probably the case. Here was the basis for what has subsequently developed into "the Jordanian option."

Abdullah, a realist, knew that in the long run he could hold the West Bank only by agreement with Israel. He negotiated secretly with Golda Meir, who visited his summer palace at Shuneh disguised as an Arab. Nothing had materialized by the time Abdullah was shot to death by gunmen in the pay of Haj Amin el-Husseini, Mufti of Jerusalem and leader of the Palestinian extremists. To underline the brutality of the assassination, Abdullah was killed while leaving Friday prayers in the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem. The seventeen-year-old Hussein was also present, and his life was saved because the medals on his uniform deflected one of the bullets.

HOW HUSSEIN ruled the West Bank between 1952 and 1967 has been a matter of controversy, much of it now academic. Palestinians claim that their legal and political rights were suppressed by a hostile military government, and that there was chronic and probably deliberate unemployment, and hence widescale emigration. Jordanian officials answer that times were hard, and West Bankers received their due.

In May 1967, Gamal Abdul Nasser, mobilizing the Egyptian Army, pressured other Arab states to put an end to Israel once and for all. Rather than hold out, Hussein flew to Cairo and allowed himself to be persuaded to join the anti-Israel front. Early on the morning of June 5, as war was breaking out, King Hussein received messages from the United States as well as the Israeli government, imploring him to take no action. He ignored both warnings, instead ordering his troops to open bombardments in Jerusalem and elsewhere along the Israeli border. Retaliation followed. By the end of the Six Day War, Jerusalem and the West Bank were in Israeli hands. At a stroke, and to no good purpose, Abdullah's work had been undone. Still more complex and dire, the future of the Palestinians had become indissolubly linked to Israel's need for secure and internationally recognized frontiers.

From this fateful error of judgment the King drew the conclusion that he was no longer strong enough to

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declare what his true interests were, but for the sake of survival had to appease his enemies as far as possible. The 1970s were bad years for him. The P.L.O. at once took advantage of his setback and erected a power base of its own within Jordan. For a time Jordan appeared to be becoming truly a Palestinian state. But the Bedouin tribes forced the King to fight for independence. The civil war of 1970 was an assertion of the King's authority, all the bloodier for having been delayed until the last moment. While the P.L.O. had been in the ascendant, Palestinians in Jordan had judged it prudent to pay lip service to it. During its expulsion from Jordan, they remained inactive but clear-eyed. They have been understandably bitter that their response to the King's vacillations should have been exploited afterward to bring their loyalty into question.

Jordan was not privy to the conspiratorial Egyptian-Syrian attack on Israel in October 1973, and therefore was protected from repeating the 1967 blunder. But a fence-sitting attitude on the King's part ensured that he would become a scapegoat in the aftermath of the war. At the Rabat summit meeting in 1974, the King was obliged to go through an ordeal much like a daylight mugging. The Arab states voted that henceforth the West Bank was to be represented by the P.L.O., not Jordan. Instead of opposing Arafat's claim to the property, the King decided to grin and bear it.

Ever since, the King has merely responded to events, avoiding policy initiatives and bowing to immediate pressures from his neighbors. To exclude himself from Camp David was another facile negative. Postponement has not made the hour of decision easier or safer.

THERE ARE SOME in Jordan (Crown Prince Hassan, for example) who advocate abandoning the West Bank on the grounds that the Israelis and the Palestinians deserve one another and should best be left to batter themselves to bits. Of all the Arab countries, so this argument runs, Jordan remains by far the most pleasant in which to live, and it can manage well enough. A Fortress Jordan, manned by Bedouins, will survive. The King does not agree. Recovery of the West Bank and the Old City of Jerusalem goes to the roots of his identity as a Hashemite, a dutiful grandson of a respected grandfather, and he wants back what was his.

In the military defeat of the P.L.O., he rightly sees an opening. Such threat as Arafat now offers is minimal; he can be spoken to bluntly. Yet when the King and Arafat met in Amman, the usual fudging seems to have taken place. Far from saying that he hopes to recover his heritage, the King is asking Arafat for some "mandate" to speak on behalf of the Palestinians—in other words, seeking to reverse the Rabat decision as though circumstances had not rendered it obsolete. It is appeasement, futile as well as unnecessary, to ask Arafat for a "mandate," which he is in no position to grant. What does a rigged vote of the Palestine National Council, itself already rigged by Arafat to suit his purposes, mean to King Hussein? President Sadat, in a comparable position where Sinai was concerned, made it plain that the satisfaction of Egyptian national interests was the indispensable prelude to meeting Palestinian rights. And he went to Jerusalem to say so out loud. As though it were still 1950, King Hussein only keeps secret lines of communication open to the Israeli Labor Party, at the level of whispering about "the Jordanian option." That Jordanian option remains in danger of choking upon the King's lack of firm resolve.

IF HE BELIEVES that repossession of the West Bank is in Jordan's interest, and that Palestinian autonomy or perhaps a form of federation can be suitably arranged afterward, King Hussein must act accordingly. And it won't do to search for vague verbal formulas—like the announcement on the eve of his departure for Washington that he and Arafat had agreed to a "special and distinctive relationship between Jordan and a liberated Palestine"—that can both satisfy the most irredentist Palestinians and sound sweet to eager Western observers. He has to negotiate with the Palestinians living on the West Bank, with the Israelis at present ruling it, and with the Americans who alone can persuade the parties to compromise. President Reagan can pressure Israel over the autonomy issue only once he is sure that King Hussein will stay put within the accepted Camp David framework. What reason is there for King Hussein to continue to disappoint his friends? What about that courage of his? Hiding his aspirations by pleading the need to appease his enemies, and the P.L.O. in particular, is, in a phrase of Shakespeare's, to lose the name of king.

King Hussein does have, sad to say, one incentive to continue his dangerous equivocation. American Administrations, fascinated as they occasionally are with the idea of "linkage" in other contexts, seem congenitally unable to apply it to Hussein. The U.S. has asked only one thing of Hussein: that he come to the negotiating table. He has refused. Hussein has demanded much of the United States: economic, military, and diplomatic support. The U.S. has obliged him. On September 1, 1982, President Reagan even offered to return to him title to the West Bank. The King has accepted all these

ts with a smile, but never with action. Even now, as he prepares for his visit to the United States, and as he finds more and more gracious ways to refuse American entreaties to join the peace process, the Reagan Administration appears to be putting the final touches on a massive arms deal to Jordan. It is said to include two squadrons of F-5G war planes, advanced AIM-9L sidewinder missiles, and laser-guided bombs. King Hussein might have expected these gifts to be contingent upon his willingness to enter negotiations. But it appears that any rhetorical figleaf will do. Once again, the King sees that he need not act, only charm. Once again, an American President is telling the King of Jordan that timidity has its rewards after all.

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Consumer Orientation
No. 20 in a Series of Technical Papers

20

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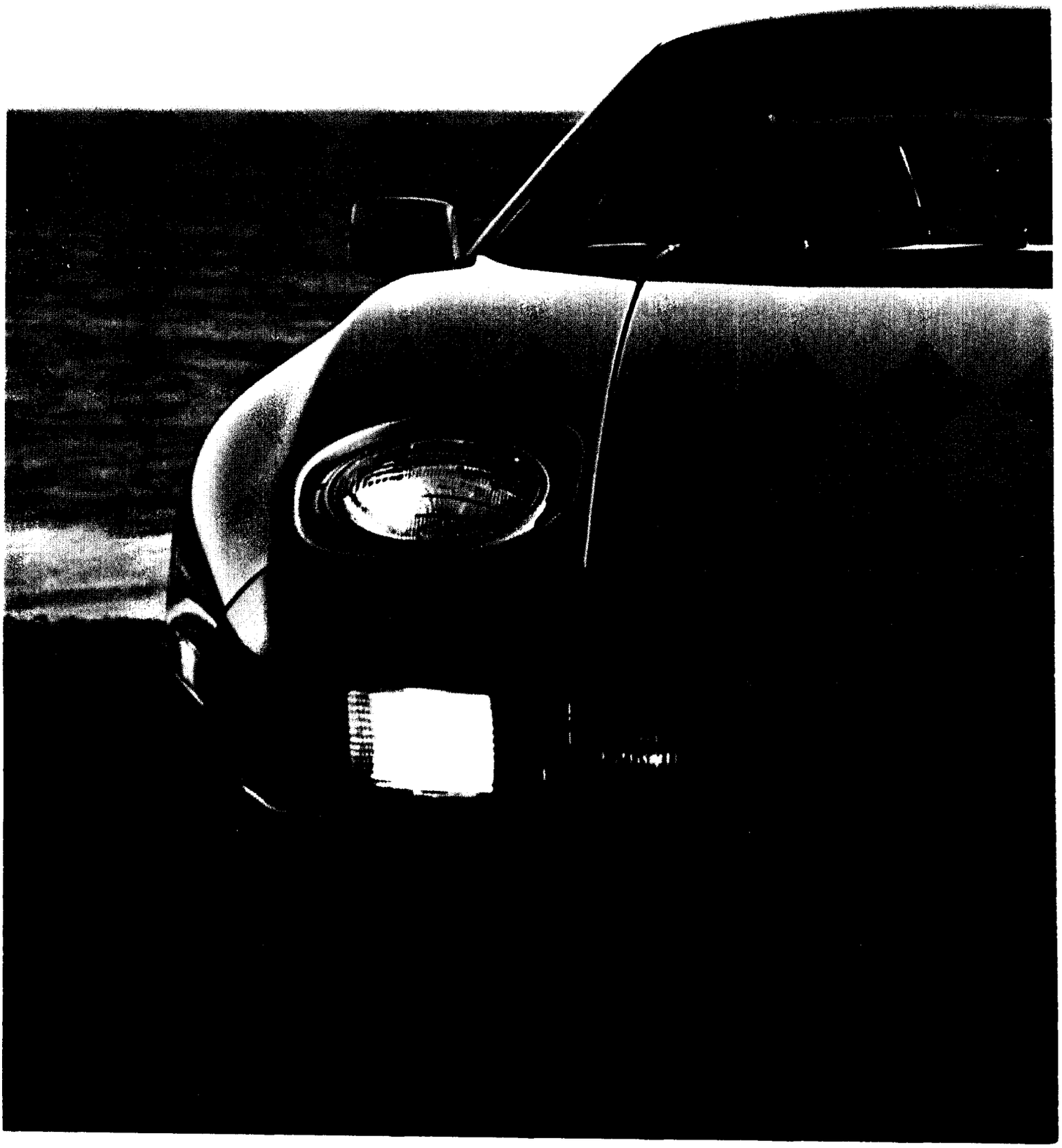

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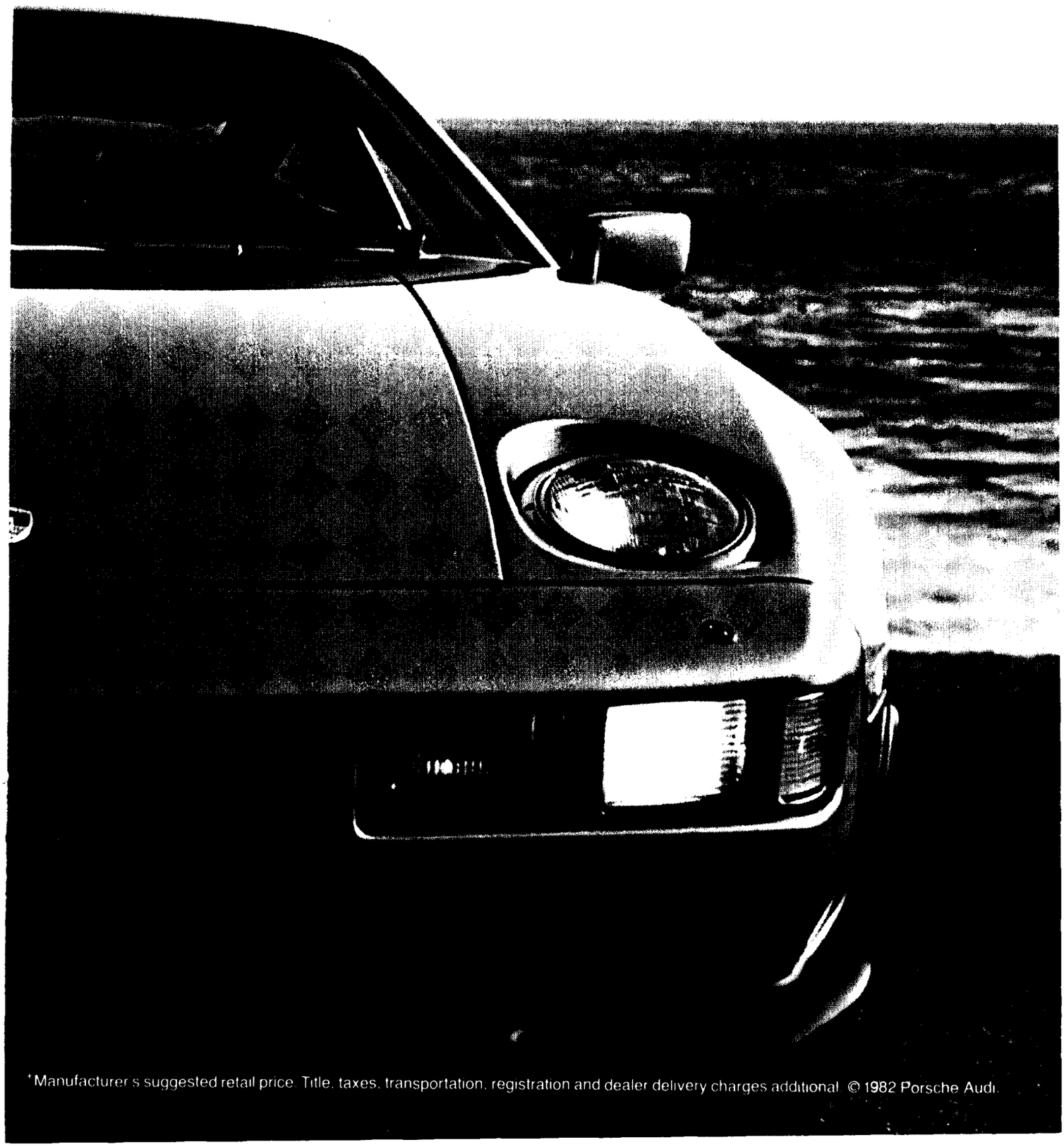

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Looking Both Ways

Retrospect.

Looking back at 1982, I'm struck by the number of times that the acting in an American film was good, or better, even when the script was poor, or worse. This is not a new phenomenon, but it stands out sharply in a one-year retrospect. Some widely varied examples: Peter O'Toole in *My Favorite Year*, Jack Nicholson in *The Border*, Amy Madigan in *Love Child*, Michael Keaton in *Night Shift*, Rachel Ward in *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*, Gary Busey in *Barbarosa*. The presumable reason for the disparity is that it's relatively easier to interpret than to create from scratch. This is not to say, dear actor friends, that acting is easy, that it is not an art difficult to master and capable of exquisite achievement. (One of my points here is to assail lazy assumptions about acting.) But apparently it's harder to originate a "plan" for a work than to fulfill it.

The Western world has been used to this disparity for centuries in the theater. From the Renaissance until 1890 or so, the life of the theater has depended much less on good new plays than on good acting. Theaters ran for seasons without a new play, at any rate without a successful one; audiences went to see acting, to see actors in known plays—just as audiences go today to hear singers in known operas. It was only toward the beginning of our century that "new production" came to be virtually synonymous with "new play" and that theaters were founded specifically to produce new plays, with the acting sometimes done by amateurs. And only since this time has going to the theater usually involved at least as much expectation about the play as about the acting.

At any rate we're now well accustomed to the fact that, when we go to a new play, which is what most of our theatergoing consists of, we'll probably experience better acting than writing. But what's somewhat astonishing is that this expectation, consciously or not, has become equally true in films. The much younger film medium, not yet ninety years old, has no antecedents comparable to the theater's, antecedents of centuries in which acting was prized above writing. What's more, the conditions of filmmaking—if we use theater conditions as referents—make good acting seemingly impossible. Sequences are shot out of chronological order; individual scenes are often broken up into several days' shooting, sometimes longer; the cumulation and momentum that are integral to theater performance are unavailable in film work. (Peter O'Toole, whose performance as T. E. Lawrence still flames in memory, once told me that when he watched a certain sequence from that film for the first time, he gasped aloud as he realized that, between a long shot of himself and the immediately following close-up, a year and a half had elapsed. But the performance flowed.)

Rehearsal of actors, also integral to the theater, is almost a luxury in films. Occasionally I read of a director who gets his principal actors together for as much as, say, three weeks before shooting begins. From this grandeur, rehearsals scale all the way down to the vanishing point. Actors have told me that, in films made for TV, some directors get irritated when any rehearsal at all is asked for; budgeted time has already been consumed with the camera set-up. The actor is supposed to know his job.

Even when there is some rehearsal time, even when the director is intelligent and gifted, he isn't invariably able to help his actors to any considerable degree. Many film directors feel that their basic and paramount work with actors is in casting, in finding the right person for the right role; after that, it's more or less up to the actor to deliver. You don't have to believe Hitchcock's much-quoted line —"Actors are cattle"—to infer that careful work with actors is not always among a director's strengths. One of the most cinematically fluent American directors, Howard Hawks, admitted his limitations. He said that, when he was shooting *Monkey Business*, he couldn't make clear to Katharine Hepburn what he wanted her to do in certain comic scenes, and he referred her to another member of the cast, an experienced stage actor named Walter Catlett, for help. Which Catlett gave her. Hawks then wrote in more scenes for Catlett to keep the man around the set.

Logically, then, good acting ought to be very rare, but we see it again and again, even in poor scripts. If we widen the focus to include good, or good enough, scripts, we can add to this year's list such performances as Paul Newman's in *The Verdict* and Richard Pryor's in *Some Kind of Hero*. If we widen further to include foreign films, the list must include, among others, Denholm Elliott in *Brimstone and Treacle*, Jutta Lampe and Gudrun Gabriel in *Sisters*, Jutta Lampe and Barbara Sukowa in *Marianne and Juliane*, Eva Mattes and Jürgen Arndt in *Celesté*, Jean Rochefort in *Birgit Haas Must Be Killed*. This year brought confirmation that Klaus Kinski is an artist, not just a fascinating eccentric: to such past work as *Woyzeck* and *Nosferatu*, he added his performances in *La Femme Enfant* and *Fitzcarraldo*. And the year's list includes a performance that I rank among the best that I know: Michel Galabru as the homicidal religious-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

La Femme Enfant. After *Nosferatu* and *Fitzcarraldo*, Klaus Kinski's performance, as a gentle recluse who loves a teenage girl, confirms his high stature. Raphaele Billetdoux wrote and directed this delicate first film.

Gandhi. Prime acting and Richard Attenborough's dedicated (if uninspired) directing keep this long epic from being Good For You and make it good.

Smithereens. The SoHo rock and drug scene, done with much more than glib naturalism in Susan Seidelman's first feature.

The Verdict. Paul Newman, splendid as a sodden Boston Irish lawyer fighting his way back to a career. Pretty sharp script, pretty fine production.

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sexual psychotic in *The Judge and the Assassin*.

No, there should *not* be any or much good acting in films, yet there it is, as this past year confirms again strongly. One possible explanation for its existence may lie in a psychological-aesthetic conditioning that has taken place in the acting profession in this century and that has nothing to do with the theater. Listen to the earliest recordings of singers, and you can hear that they didn't really know how to perform for recording. They were used to the opera house; the existence of recording had not been part of their cultural environment from birth. Today any mediocre tenor knows more about recording than Tamagno knew. It's conceivable that, in the tribe of actors, a comparable conditioning has taken place in relation to camera and microphone and, most important, in relation to filmmaking conditions. I've watched fine actors on the set—Fredric March and Rex Harrison, for just two instances—and have seen how they can summon up the requisite pitch and intensity for a retake or an insert or a scene that leads into a scene that was done the day before. This more immediate access to imaginative truth seems to have been bred in good actors in this century in defense against and in *utilization* of the circumstances of filming.

Prospect.

Acting—which has not yet been shown, most of which has not yet even been done—matters here, too, as we'll see.

First, a general worry. People keep asking what hope there can be for depth or sophistication or subtlety in U.S. films, now that the average cost is $10 million and a bargain-basement film costs $3 million. (Obviously I'm talking only of fiction features for theaters.) The answer, I think, is that there isn't much reliable hope of that kind: what we can hope for is good entertainment, like *E.T.*, *Victor/Victoria*, *Tex*, *The Verdict*. But an American film of some adventurousness still manages occasionally to appear. *Diner* was, for a relatively big-budget picture, relatively unorthodox in structure and method. *My Dinner with André*, which cost more than might have been supposed though it was not in the big-bucks league, got made and released and found an audience. *Smithereens* is, in budget and technique ($80,000; 16mm film blown up to 35mm), the expected independent film; what's unexpected is its unique vision.

But these are exceptions. Especially in these days of darkening economic skies, it's hard to hope for further exceptions in the rest of the 1980s; it's harder still to hope for the relatively numerous exceptions that we had in the 1970s, such as *The Hired Hand*, *The Conversation*, *Payday*, *Desperate Characters*, *Mikey and Nicky*, *Five Easy Pieces*, *Go Tell the Spartans*. (Woody Allen, whatever one thinks of him, *is* an exception: apparently he has a free hand.)

Other countries are complaining about economic conditions, are doubtless more straitened than they were, and will worsen in the expected slump; but they are still able to make films for much less than the U.S. figures—*and* they still get one type or another of government subsidy. These economic facts, combined with cultural differences that I've explored more than once, mean that Americans who want something in addition to—not instead of—entertainment will probably have to depend increasingly on the best of foreign films. This is not a credo of inverse parochialism: it is experience applied to expectation.

But confining ourselves to American prospects, we can still find some bright sides to look on. It's hard to believe that at least a few U.S. films will not be exceptions to probabilities and prophecies. It's easy to believe that many U.S. films will be good entertainment and that they will be cinematically excellent. American photography, design, editing, and recording are unsurpassed in the world.

And, in continuing paradox—miracle, if you like—the acting in U.S. films will often be good, occasionally better than that. This may be the brightest possible side to look on in the American film future. Strictures on subject and method will make good acting stand out more clearly as it transcends conventional scripts. This may lead us to be more aware of acting as an art with its own aesthetics and standards; in the mind of the audience, acting may return to the high place it held a century ago. Taste in acting has long been declining, even among those with finely developed taste in other arts. Necessity may turn out to be the mother of attention.

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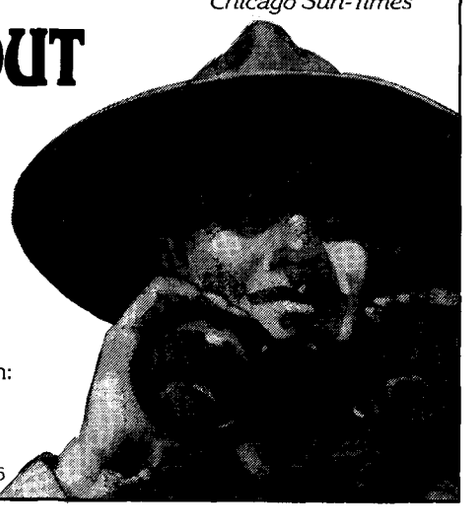

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ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Thoughts At Half Season

At its halfway mark, the current New York theater season is being singled out as one of the worst in memory, but despite my attraction to extreme, apocalyptic judgments of value, I cannot agree that this particular year has any signal distinction whatever, even a negative one. No, the products of the Broadway and off-Broadway theaters have lost none of their dreary, monotonous quasi-competence, even though they can no longer boast their usual quota of hits. What does seem momentarily to have departed from the streets and alleys of the Great White Way, however, is an accommodating public, willing to shell out fifty bucks for anything less than a five-million-dollar blockbuster like *Cats*.

Foxfire
by Susan Cooper and Hume Cronyn

Angels Fall
by Lanford Wilson

The current season has one virtue: though unable to feed the media with ersatz masterpieces, it does at least possess a certain modesty. One of the sedimental byproducts of the drains on our stagnant economy is a scaled-down effort in the theater—two-character, one-set plays designed as annuities for husband-and-wife acting teams. A Martian judging our society on the basis of our stage would conclude that all Americans lived in the same middle-class living room, with the same adjoining kitchen, and had nothing to fill their day but domestic quarrels over the temperature of the soup. But if the major issues of our time are proving too expensive for the stage, as I have had occasion to lament, so are the pseudo-issues, which spares us the agonies of show business pretentiousness.

Foxfire (Ethel Barrymore Theater) isn't at all pretentious. It is, rather, a quiet, affectionate rumination on rural life in Southern Appalachia, distilled by Susan Cooper and Hume Cronyn from the Foxfire reminiscences edited by Eliot Wigginton and his students. The Foxfire books are a laudable effort to record the mores, idiom, and habits of a dying class of people, and since this essentially is an anthropological act rather than a theatrical one, the two adaptors have chosen to concentrate on a single Appalachian family as representative of the entire culture. This makes the evening more dramatic, but less rich and reverberant. The domestic anecdote is too light to support the burden of sociological reflection.

Still, the writing is only a loom on which the actors and designers weave a sweet little sampler of American life—gentle, genial, and inconsequential, just large enough to cover a throwaway pillow. David Mitchell's setting provides the pattern of the whole, being a lovely evocation of the Georgia Blue Ridge country with its rustic wooden dwellings and hand-honed furniture silhouetted against a backdrop of Seurat mountains and a Magritte sky. The beauty of the environment is actually crucial to the play's theme, since the thread of action concerns the loss of pastoral values to the grinding commercialism of the modern world. If this sounds like a hillbilly version of *The Cherry Orchard*, then that's a fairly accurate description of its mood—regret for a dying way of life dipped in mountain dew, nostalgia for the past aged in sour mash.

The Ranevskaya of *Foxfire* is Annie Nations, a balding, white-haired octogenarian whose husband, recently deceased, still hangs crankily around the house and orchard making ghostly comments on the conduct of his family; the Lopahin is a local entrepreneur who intends to build condominiums on the land. Aside from the turnover of property, and Annie's departure to live with her son in Florida, nothing much happens, except for her son's revelation that he is no longer living with his wife, but the evening is full of local color, local music, rustic customs, and the Biblical idioms of a gritty, tough-minded race.

It is also ripened by the nuanced acting of accomplished performers. Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy have been praised for the way they change from age to youth in a flashback instant, but that is what acting is all about—or used to be before actors were replaced by personality types. The Cronyns not only remind us of the pleasures of character transformation, but go beyond that into a dimension of graceful penetration, of effortless interaction. It is true that Cronyn, his leathered face ridged with epochal creases, has not quite mastered the drawl of rural Southern speech—he twangs his lines like a Yankee lawyer—but he more than compensates for such minor failings with a performance of dour, sinewy strength. As for Miss Tandy, she enjoys the transparent radiant beauty, the inner illumination, of one whom age cannot wither. I also liked Keith Carradine, as their melancholy son, Dillard, warbling his country-and-western music with a crooked horse-toothed smile and a voice composed of grain and rubber bands. David Trainer's direction has an appropriate Chekhovian rhythm, along with the inevitable Stanislavsky-type sound effects (whippoorwills singing, chickens clucking, hogs grunting) that used to push Chekhov to the brink of assault.

LANFORD WILSON's *Angels Fall* (Circle Repertory Theater) seems to touch on an important subject, but that's only a mirage created by the hot shimmering desert climate in which the action unfolds. The setting is a mission in northwest New Mexico; there has been a potential nuclear accident in a nearby government uranium mine that provides the occasion for five travelers, stranded by a roadblock, to unburden themselves to each other and to the resident priest. The least of their problems seems to be their impending annihilation which, although it inspires jocular comments, functions mostly as a way of collecting unrelated people on the stage to do their hip contemporary numbers. Why should I be so annoyed by a mere dramatic device? Wilson's weakness for authorial manipulation, usually a harmless quality of his plays, gets downright intolerable when serious issues and genuine fears are used primarily for theatrical exploitation.

Anyway, the real purpose of the play is to introduce us to colorful characters plagued with psychological problems. There's this middle-aged art history professor, who, having had a breakdown in class, is now trying to institutionalize himself in a Phoenix happy farm; there's his all-suffering young wife; there's this widow of a great American painter, and the young tennis pro whose career she's currently managing; there's this Navajo

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physician who's about to give up treating poverty-stricken Indians in order to take a cushy research job; and finally there's this crusty old priest who acts as everybody's laconic conscience. Mix in a few noisy helicopters blaring out ominous warnings, a climactic upheaval by the professor who gets magically cured by the Navajo, and the inevitable revelation that the uranium accident was a false alarm, and you have the kind of theatrical engineering that seemed obsolete when Robert Sherwood used it in *The Petrified Forest.*

The Circle Rep production, under Marshall Mason's direction, also seems predictable and familiar. John Lee Beatty's adobe mission setting is perfectly serviceable, and the actors are all highly skilled performers, but there is a sense of artificiality and contrivance about the evening that is only underscored by its realistic pretensions. One waits in vain for just one unusual perception, just one unique moment, just one unexpected gesture; even a mistake. But the smooth humming of unruffled professionalism buzzes in our ears throughout the whole evening without a single hint of risk or danger. One hesitates to criticize competence in an art form so often characterized by carelessness and blunder, but if this well-organized and empty exercise represents the current aspirations of our off-Broadway companies then the theater is in a depressed state indeed.

George Orwell's '1984' reconsidered.

Enigmas Of Power

By Irving Howe

It is a common experience to fear that the admirations of one's youth will wear thin, and precisely because *1984* had so enormous an impact on me when it first came out more than thirty years ago, I hesitated for a long time before returning to it. I can still remember the turbulent feelings—the bottomless dismay, the sense of being undone—with which many people first read Orwell's book. My fear now was that it would seem a passing sensation of its moment or even, as some leftist critics have charged, a mere reflex of the cold war. But these fears were groundless. Having reread *1984*, I am convinced, more than ever, that it is a classic of our age.

Whether it is also a classic for the ages is another question. What people of the future will think about Orwell's book we cannot know, nor can we say what it might mean to those who will remember so little about the time of totalitarianism they will need an editor's gloss if they chance upon a copy. But for us, children of this century, the relation to *1984* must be intimate, troubled, nerve-wracking. In 1938 or 1939 the idea of a world divided among a few totalitarian superpowers, which Orwell made into the premise of his book, had not seemed at all farfetched. I remember hushed conversations about the possible shape of a world dominated by Hitler and Stalin, with perhaps a shrinking enclave of democracy in North America. Such nightmare visions seemed entirely real during the years just before the war, and with sufficient reason. When Orwell published his book a decade later, in 1949, one felt that, despite his obvious wish to unnerve us with an extreme version of the total state, he was presenting something all too familiar, even commonplace.

Also familiar, though in a somewhat different sense, was the body of detail about daily life in Oceania that Orwell built up. Many of the descriptive passages in *1984* were simply taken over, with a degree of stretching here and there, from Orwell's earlier books or from his life-long caustic observations of twentieth-century England. In a review for the London *Times Literary Supplement* Julian Symons keenly remarked that

> In some ways life [in the Oceania of *1984*] does not differ very much from the life we live now. The pannikin of pinkish-grey stew, the hunk of bread and cube of cheese, the mug of milkless Victory coffee with its saccharine tablet—that is the kind of meal we may very well remember; and the pleasures of recognition are roused, too, by the description of Victory gin (reserved for the privileged—the 'proles' drink beer), which has 'a sickly oily smell, as of Chinese rice-spirit,' and gives to those who drink it 'the sensation of being hit on the back of the head with a rubber club.'
>
> We can generally view projections of the future with detachment because they seem to refer to people altogether unlike ourselves. By creating a world in which the 'proles' still have their sentimental songs and their beer, and the privileged consume their Victory gin, Orwell involves us most skilfully and uncomfortably in his story. . . .

Symons might have added that in Orwell's earlier writing he had already focused almost obsessively on the gritty discomforts of urban life, the bad smells, the sour tastes, the grimy streets, the filthy rooms, the sweat-stained bodies. As it turned out, the unfuture of Oceania had some pretty keen resemblances to the immediate past of England.

Resemblances, also, to the years of Stalinist terror in Russia. The grilling of Winston Smith by the Oceania authorities, the alternation between physical beatings and sympathetic conversations, the final terrifying appearance of O'Brien, master of power—all these recall or parallel Arthur Koestler's account in *Darkness at Noon* of how the N.K.V.D interrogated its victims. Koestler's description, in turn, anticipated closely what we have since learned about the methods of the Soviet secret police. It was to Orwell's credit that he understood how the imagination flourishes when it is grounded in common reality.

He knew, as well, that to make credible the part of his book that would spiral into the extraordinary, he had first to provide it with a strong foundation of the ordi-

This essay will appear in *"1984" Revisited,* edited by Irving Howe, which will be published in August by Harper & Row. Mr. Howe's *A Margin of Hope: An Intellectual Autobiography,* was recently published by Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich.

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nary. Or to put it another way, he knew that his main problem was to make plausible—which, one might remember, is not the same as probable—his vision of how certain destructive tendencies of modern society could drive insanely forward, unbraked by sentiments of humaneness or prudence.

Yet while rereading *1984* I have come to recognize still another way in which it all seems decidedly familiar—but *this* familiarity causes shock.

THE VERY IDEA of a totally controlled society in which a self-perpetuating elite rules through terror and ideology no longer strikes us as either a dim horror or a projection of the paranoid mind. In the few decades since Orwell wrote, we have gone a long way toward domesticating the idea of the total state, indeed, to the point where it now seems just one among a number of options concerning the way men live. The thought that totalitarianism is a constant, even commonplace possibility in the history of our time—this may prove to be as terrifying as the prospect that we might sooner or later be living under an Orwellian regime. No sensible person could have taken *1984* as an actual prediction; even those who read the book with malice or loathing knew it had to be taken as a warning, no doubt a fearful warning. That in its fundamental conception it should now seem so familiar, so plausible, is—when you come to think of it—a deeply unnerving fact about the time in which we live. But a fact it is.

To ask what kind of book *1984* is may seem a strange, even pedantic question. After all, you might say, millions of people have read the book and appreciated it well enough without troubling their heads about fine points of genre. Yet the question is neither strange nor pedantic, since in my experience there remains among Orwell's readers a good portion of uncertainty and confusion about what he was trying to do. People will often say, "Look, we're getting close to the year 1984 and we aren't living in the kind of society Orwell summoned—doesn't that mean he was exaggerating or even perhaps that he was morbid?" To this kind of complaint there is a simple enough answer: it's in the very nature of anti-utopian fiction to project a degree of exaggeration, since without exaggeration the work would be no more than still another realistic portrait of totalitarian society.

Other complaints, being more sophisticated, take on a "literary" edge. One of them, still often heard, is that the book contains no "real characters," or that there isn't enough of a credible social setting, or that the psychological vision of the story is somewhat rudimentary. Such complaints have really to do with genres or misunderstandings of genres; they reflect a failure to grasp the kind of fiction Orwell was writing and what could legitimately be expected from it. When a critic like Raymond Williams says that *1984* lacks "a substantial society and correspondingly substantial persons," he is (almost willfully, one suspects) missing the point. For the very premise of anti-utopian fiction is that it sketch an "inconceivable" world in such a way as to force us, provisionally, to credit its conceivability; that it project a world in which categories like "substantial society . . . substantial persons" have largely been suppressed or rendered obsolete. In actuality a society like that of Oceania may be impossible to realize, but that is not at issue here. A writer may, in the kind of fiction Orwell was composing, draw the shadows of "the impossible" as if they were real possibilities—if only in order to persuade us that finally these are not possible. As it happens, we have come close enough during the last half-century to a society like Oceania for the prospect of its realization to be within reach of the imagination. And that is all a writer of fiction needs.

There are kinds of fictions that should not really be called novels at all: think of Voltaire's *Candide*, Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, Peacock's *Crotchet Castle*. Northrop Frye, hoping, probably in vain, to check the modern tendency to lump all fictions as novels, describes a kind of fiction he calls Menippean satire, "allegedly invented by a Greek cynic named Menippus." This fiction "deals less with people as such than with mental attitudes . . . and differs from the novel in its characterization, which is stylized rather than naturalistic. . . . "

A quarter of a century ago, when first writing about *1984*, I thought this a satisfactory description of the kind of book Orwell had composed; but now I would like to modify that opinion. Almost everyone has recognized how brilliant Orwell was in finding symbolic vehicles and dramatic instances through which to render the "mental attitudes" about which Frye speaks. Think only of Newspeak and Big Brother, Hate Week and Memory Hole, all of which have entered our speech and consciousness as vivid figures. (A few years ago I visited a Canadian university where the wicked students had baptized a new campus building—vast, windowless, cement-ugly—as the Ministry of Love; and so, I am certain, it will be called for decades to come.) There remains, then, good reason to see *1984* as an instance of "Menippean satire"—but only in part.

For in going back to the book I have learned to appreciate parts that now strike me as novelistic in the usual sense. Especially those parts in which Winston Smith and Julia try to find for themselves a patch, a corner where they can be alone and make love. Here bits of individuality begin to make themselves felt: Julia's boldness, for instance, in arranging their escapade to the country, where they can be free of the hated telescreen, or her charming indifference to all ideologies, as when she falls asleep during Winston's excited reading from the forbidden book, Emanuel Goldstein's *Theory and Practise of Oligarchical Collectivism*.

I now think that *1984* ought to be read as a mixture of genres, mostly Menippean satire and conventional novel, but also bits of tract and a few touches of transposed romance. Such a description may be helpful, though not because anyone is foolish enough to want exact categories; it may train us, at the least, to avoid false expectations when we read.

AN ANTI-UTOPIAN fiction must have a touch or two of excess. There has to be a story that takes the familiar conventions of the once-fashionable utopian novel and stands them on their heads. Elsewhere I've described that touch of excess as

> the dramatic strategy and narrative psychology of 'one more step' . . . one step beyond our known reality—not so much a picture of modern totalitarianism as an extension, by just one and no more than one step, of the essential pattern of the total state.

But this excess can of course consist of more than one step, it might be two or three—yet not many more than two or three, since then the link of credence between writer and reader might be broken by a piling-on of improbabilities.

What has especially struck me in rereading *1984* is that, yes, it's true that in an anti-utopian fiction the writer can afford at most a few steps beyond our known reality, but he is likely to achieve his strongest effects precisely at the moment when the balance teeters between

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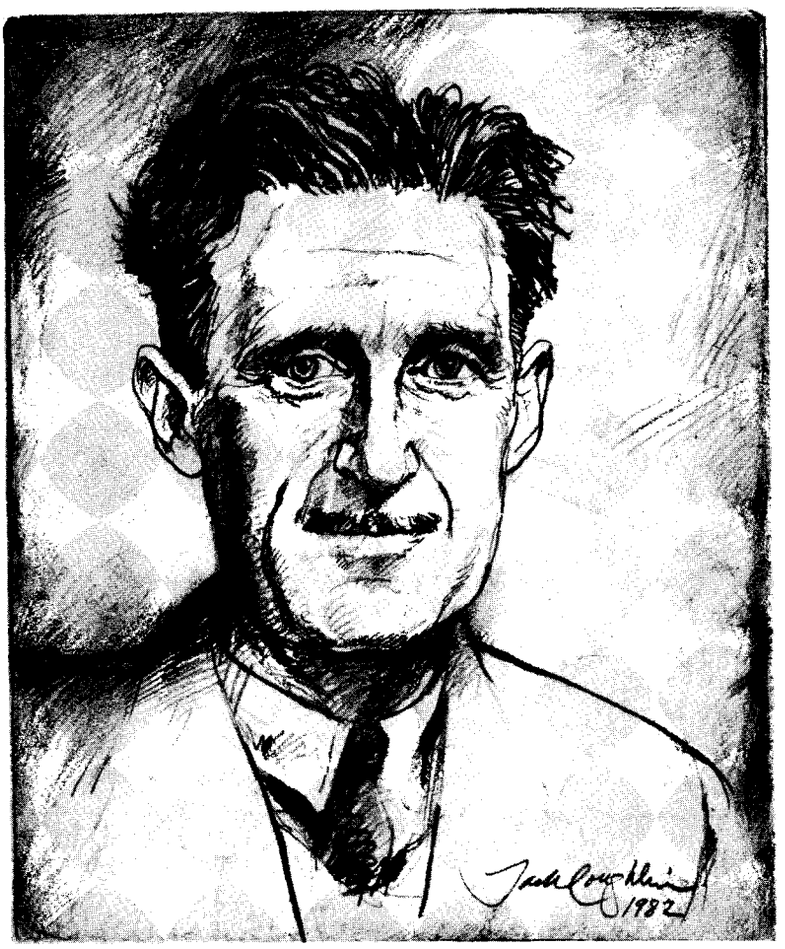
minimal credence and plummeting disbelief. For at such a moment, we ask ourselves, can things *really* go this far?, and it is then that our deepest anxieties are aroused. Is it conceivable that the total state could be so "total," could break and transform human beings so far beyond what "human nature" may be expected to endure? We think and hope not, but we cannot be certain. We know that the total state has already done things earlier generations would have supposed to be impossible.

One such moment occurs in *1984* when Orwell turns to sexuality in Oceania. Members of the Outer Party—we remain in the dark about the Inner Party—are shown to be trained systematically to minimize and deny the sexual instinct, certainly to separate the act of intercourse from sensual pleasure or imaginative play. There can be no "free space" in the lives of the Outer Party faithful, nothing that remains beyond the command of the state. Sexual energy is to be transformed into political violence and personal hysteria. The proles are permitted to drift into promiscuity, their very sloth and sleaziness a seeming guarantee against rebellion, but members of the Outer Party caught in promiscuous relations with one another face the most stringent penalties.



GEORGE ORWELL BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

About all this Orwell is very careful: "The aim of the Party was not merely to prevent men and women from forming loyalties which it might not be able to control. Its real, undeclared purpose was to remove all pleasure from the sexual act. Not love so much as eroticism was the enemy, inside marriage as well as outside. . . . Sexual intercourse was to be looked upon as a slightly disgusting minor operation. . . . The Party was trying to kill the sex instinct or, if it could not be killed, then to distort and dirty it. . . ."

It remains a fascinating question whether Orwell had captured here an essential part of the totalitarian outlook or had gone too far beyond "one more step." We know that in the years of Stalinism the Soviet Union favored, at least publicly, a prudish, sometimes a repressive antisexuality. But there is no evidence that during those years—and this is the period upon which Orwell drew for his book—Communist Party members were forced to suffer greater sexual repressiveness than the rest of the population. If the evidence is skimpy, Orwell was nonetheless touching on something very important; he was taking an imaginative leap from totalitarian "first principles" concerning, not so much sex, certainly not sex in its own right but the threat of "free space," that margin of personal autonomy that even in the worst moments of Stalinism and Hitlerism some people still wanted to protect. And it was this margin that Orwell took to be the single great "flaw" of all previous efforts to realize the totalitarian vision. Whether a complete or "total" totalitarianism is possible, or possible for any length of time, is not, I want to repeat, the question. All that matters, for our purposes, is that it be plausible enough to allow a fictional representation.

Winston Smith's journey from rebellion to breakdown is a doomed effort to recover the idea, perhaps even more than the experience, of a personal self; to regain the possibility of individual psychology and the memory of free introspection. And this occurs in *1984*—I think it is one of Orwell's greatest strokes!—not so much through ratiocination as through an encounter between two bodies. When Winston Smith and Julia make their first escapade out of London, carefully finding a patch in the woods where they can make love, they are not "in love," at least not yet. What happens between them is only—only!—the meeting of two eager bodies, animal-like if you must, but wonderfully urgent, alive, and good. They are free from the grip of the Party: this moment is theirs.

In this and a few other sections Orwell writes with a kind of grieving, muted lyricism, a hoarse lyricism that is about as much as, under the circumstances, he can allow himself. I have found myself moved, far more than when I first read the book, by these brief and abashed celebrations of the body. A little freer in our language than in 1949, we would now say that Julia is a woman who likes to fuck, and it seems important to put it exactly that way, since in the wretched precincts of Oceania just about the best that anyone can do is fucking.

Bolder still than Orwell's strategy of "one more step" in treating sexuality is his treatment of power. He tends to see the lust for power as a root experience, something that need not or cannot be explained in terms other than itself, and here too, I think, the passage of time has largely confirmed his intuitions. Let me draw upon your patience for a minute as I recall certain criticisms made by admir-

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ing critics of Orwell soon after *1984* came out. Philip Rahv, in a fine essay-review of the book, said that in one respect Orwell may have surpassed even Dostoevsky in grasping "the dialectic of power." *The Brothers Karamazov* shows the Grand Inquisitor as a tyrant ruling from benevolent intent: he believes man to be a weak creature who needs the lash for his own good and can be happy only when the burden of freedom is lifted from his back. During the interrogation conducted by O'Brien, Winston Smith, hoping to appease his tormentor, repeats the Grand Inquisitor's rationale for the holding of power:

> That the Party did not seek power for its own ends, but only for the good of the majority. That it sought power because men in the mass were frail, cowardly creatures who could not endure liberty or face the truth. . . . That the choice for mankind lay between freedom and happiness, and that, for the great bulk of mankind, happiness was better. That the Party was the eternal guardian of the weak, a dedicated sect doing evil that good might come, sacrificing its own happiness to that of others.

All of this strikes O'Brien as mere cant, he scorns it as "stupid." Turning up the dial of the machine that regulates Winston Smith's pain, he chastizes him in these memorable words:

> The Party seeks power for its own sake. We are not interested in the good of others; we are interested solely in power. . . . One does not establish a dictatorship in order to safeguard a revolution; one makes a revolution in order to establish a dictatorship. The object of persecution is persecution. The object of torture is torture. The object of power is power. . . . Power is in inflicting pain and humiliation. Power is in tearing human minds to pieces and putting them together again in new shapes of your own choosing.

This exchange forms a key passage in *1984*, perhaps in the entirety of modern political discourse. Commenting on it, Philip Rahv offered a criticism in 1949 that seemed to me at the time both shrewd and valid:

> There is one aspect of the psychology of power in which Dostoevsky's insight strikes me as being more viable than Orwell's strict realism. It seems to me that Orwell fails to distinguish, in the behavior of O'Brien, between psychological and objective truth. Undoubtedly it is O'Brien, rather than Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor, who reveals the real nature of total power; yet that does not settle the question of O'Brien's personal psychology, that is, of his ability to live with this naked truth as his sole support; nor is it conceivable that the party elite to which he belongs could live with this truth for very long. Evil, far more than good, is in need of the pseudo-religious justifications so readily provided by the ideologies of world-salvation and compulsory happiness. . . . Power is its own end, to be sure, but even the Grand Inquisitors are compelled . . . to believe in the fiction that their power is a means to some other end, gratifyingly noble and supernal.

Several decades have passed since Rahv wrote these trenchant lines and most of what has since happened gives one reason to doubt that he was entirely correct. Orwell was writing at a time when Stalin was alive and Hitler only recently dead: totalitarianism seemed an overpowering force, perhaps on the verge of taking Europe. The ideological fanaticism that a few years later would strike Hannah Arendt as one of the two underpinnings of the total state, was still strong. For while it is true that Hitler and Stalin ruled through terror, it is also true that there were millions of people who took the Nazi and Communist ideologies, myths, and slogans with the utmost seriousness, yielding to them a devotion far more intense than traditional religions have been able to elicit in this century. Power may indeed be the beginning and the end of Party rule in Oceania, but at least in 1949 and for some years afterward it seemed hard to believe that an O'Brien would or could speak as openly as Orwell had him do, even to a victim he was soon to break.

CAN WE NOW be so certain that Orwell was wrong in giving O'Brien that speech about power? I think not. For we have lived to witness a remarkable development of the Communist state: its ideology has decayed, far fewer people give credence to its claims than in the past, yet its power remains virtually unchecked. True, there is a less open use of terror, but the power of the state—a sort of terror-in-reserve—remains a total power. As lethargy and sloth overtake the Communist societies, it begins to seem that ideology will become among them a kind of fossilized body of tiresome and half-forgotten slogans. Not many educated Russians, including those highly placed within the Party, can be supposed still to "believe" they are building the Communist society first expounded by Marx and Lenin. But the Party remains.

What then do the apparatchiks believe in? They believe in their apparatus. They believe in the Party. They believe in the power these enable. That a high Soviet bureaucrat might now talk to an imprisoned dissident in the bluntly cynical style that O'Brien employs in talking to Winston Smith does not therefore seem inconceivable. It does not even seem farfetched. The bureaucrat, especially if he is intelligent and has some pretensions to being sophisticated, might like to show his victim that he knows perfectly well that the totalitarian ethos has begun to decay, indeed, has entered a phase of transparency in which its cloak of the ideal has been stripped away. Now, this bureaucrat might not be as lucid as O'Brien, but he could easily speak to his victim as if to say,

> *Look here, my good fellow, I don't want to* make a fool of myself with all that big talk about the 'classless society,' I simply want you to recognize, for your own good, who has the power and who intends to keep it.

I take it as a sign of Orwell's intuitive gifts that he should have foreseen this historical moment when belief in the total state is crumbling yet its power survives. Whether such a condition signifies an explosive crisis or a period of low-keyed stability, we do not yet know. But there is now at least some ground for lending credence to Orwell's admittedly extreme notion that the rulers of the total state no longer need trouble to delude themselves, perhaps because they no longer can, about their motives and claims. The grim possibility is that they now have a realistic view of themselves as creatures holding power simply for the sake of power, and that they find this quite sufficient.

THE MOST PROBLEMATIC, but also interesting, aspect of *1984* is Orwell's treatment of the proles.

> They were governed by private loyalties which they did not question. What mattered were individual relationships, and a completely helpless gesture, an embrace, a tear, a word spoken to a dying man, could have value in itself. The proles, it suddenly occurred to [Winston Smith] . . . were not loyal to a party or a country or an idea, they were loyal to one another.

With its echo of E. M. Forster, this is very touching, and it becomes more than touching when Winston Smith looks for some agency or lever of rebellion that might threaten the power of the Party. "*If there is hope,*" he writes in his notebook, "*it lies in the proles. . . .*" If . . . and then

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the paradox that even in the half-forgotten era of capitalism used to bedevil socialists: *"Until [the proles] become conscious they will never rebel, and until after they have rebelled they cannot become conscious."* Orwell knew of course that traditionally Marxists had offered a "dialectical" resolution of this dilemma: the imperatives of action stir people into consciousness, and the stimulants of consciousness enable further action. A powerful formula, and millions of people have repeated it; but like other left-wing intellectuals of his day, he had come to feel dubious about its accuracy or usefulness. In writing *1984*, however, Orwell was wise enough to leave slightly open the question of whether the proles could exert a decisive power in modern society.

Here, if anywhere, Orwell made his one major error. The proles are allowed more privacy than Party members, the telescreen does not bawl instructions at them, and the secret police seldom trouble them, except occasionally to wipe out a talented or independent prole. What this must mean is that the Inner Party judges the proles to be completely crushed and tamed, no threat to its power either now or in the future, quite demoralized as individuals and helpless as a social class.

BUT THE EVIDENCE of history—which ought, after all, to be crucial for a writer of an anti-utopian fiction—comes down strongly against Orwell's vision of the future. Europe this past half-century has been convulsed by repeated, if unsuccessful, rebellions in which the workers (or proles) have played a major role, from East Berlin in 1956 to France in 1968, from the Hungarian Revolution to the rise of Solidarity in Poland.

But let us agree, for the sake of the argument, to move past the historical actuality or probability, since, after all, it's always possible to read the evidence in conflicting ways. Suppose, instead, we focus only on the criterion of imaginative plausibility in forming a judgment about Orwell's treatment of the proles. Even then, I think, our sense of credence must be strained excessively. Let me take the liberty of quoting a few sentences I wrote soon after *1984* came out, because I think they are still pertinent:

> Orwell's treatment of the proles can be questioned on . . . fundamental grounds. The totalitarian state can afford no luxury, allow no exception; it cannot tolerate the existence of any group beyond the perimeter of its control; it can never become so secure as to lapse into indifference. Scouring every corner of society for rebels it knows do not exist [yet they might, they could!], the totalitarian state cannot come to rest for any prolonged period of time. To do so would be to risk disintegration. It must always tend toward a condition of self-agitation, shaking and reshaking its members. . . . And since, as Winston Smith concludes, the proles remain one of the few possible sources of revolt, it can hardly seem plausible that Oceania would permit them even the relative freedom Orwell describes.

If the "ruling circles" of Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary could talk in private to O'Brien, they would tell him that, lucid as he may be on the subject of power, he may well be making a mistake in his view of the proles.

AN AURA OF GLOOM hangs over *1984*: the book ends with a broken Winston Smith drinking Victory Gin and blubbering his drunken love for Big Brother. He has made his "adjustment." *"If there is any hope, it lies with the proles,"* Winston Smith had said; but is there any hope? That is not a question Orwell is obliged to answer; he need only ask it, with sufficient honesty and the despair that shows him to be a man of his century. The gloom that hovers over the book has been "explained" by some critics as a symptom of the grave illness Orwell was suffering at the end of his life, at the very time he wrote his book. Perhaps there is a small measure of truth in this, but basically it seems to me a rather stupid idea. A merely sick or depressed man could not have written with the surging inventiveness that shapes *1984*—and, in any case, where have these critics kept themselves this past half-century? Haven't they heard the bad news? No, the gloom of *1984* is real and justified; but it is an energizing and passionate gloom.

If the extremism of Orwell's vision derives from a close responsiveness to the idea of a world in which human life is shorn of dynamic possibilities, it also reflects his growing distaste for politics itself, at least a politics that leaves no margin for anything but itself. And this may also account for the streak of conservatism in Orwell's outlook—a conservatism less of politics than of sensibility: that is, an appreciation for the way people actually live, the strengths of received ties and feelings. One of the most affecting bits in *1984* is Winston Smith's recurrent effort to recall fragments of the past, the days before the Party took power. He

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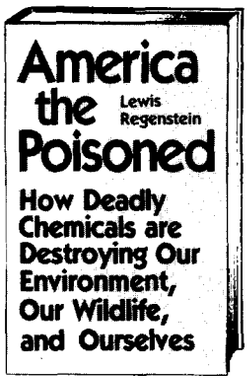
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tries to remember how his mother caressed him as a child, simply because he was her child; he tries to summon the appearance of a destroyed church; he tries to put together an old rhyme, trivial in itself but rich with associations:

> Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's,
> You owe me three farthings, say the bells of St. Martin's,
> When will you pay me? say the bells of Old Bailey,
> When I grow rich, say the bells of Shoreditch.

This conservatism of feeling, already present in Orwell's earlier books, is taken by some readers to conflict with his democratic socialist convictions. That would be true only if socialism were seen—so indeed both authoritarian left and reactionary right see it—as a total expurgation of the past, an attempt by a bureaucratic elite to impose "utopia" through terror. Orwell understood, however, that democratic socialism is an effort to extend what is valid in the past, to enlarge our freedoms and deepen our culture. The conservative sentiments Orwell reveals in *1984* not only aren't in conflict with his socialist opinions, they can be seen as sustaining them. Or so, at least, one hopes.

WHILE WRITING this essay I have been asked several times by an editor of an American magazine eager for a quick word: "If Orwell were still alive, would he have remained a socialist?" The question is absurd, on the face of it, since no one can possibly know. But this much can be said: within his generation of left-wing writers and intellectuals, some have turned to the right, some have tried to refine their socialist values toward a greater stress on democracy, and others have abandoned their interest in politics entirely. Which of these directions Orwell might have taken it would be foolish to say, except that it's hard to imagine him dropping his interest in politics entirely.

We do know that Orwell publicly repudiated efforts to use *1984* as a piece of anti-socialist propaganda. A letter he wrote to an American correspondent puts his opinion with characteristic bluntness and lucidity:

> My recent novel [*1984*] is NOT intended as an attack on socialism or on the British Labour Party (of which I am a supporter) but as a show-up of the perversions to which a centralized economy is liable and which have already been realized in Communism and Fascism. I do not believe that the kind of society I describe *necessarily* will arrive, but I believe (allowing of course for the fact that the book is a satire) that something resembling it *could* arrive. . . .

This is simply Orwell's opinion, and we know that writers often don't grasp the full implications of their work. It is quite possible, therefore, for some readers to say that while Orwell did not intend his book to be an attack on the socialist idea, it can be read that way.

And so it can. The vision of things Orwell presents need not necessarily lead to any one political conclusion, except a stress upon the urgency of democratic norms. Liberals, conservatives, and socialists can all argue from Orwell's text in behalf of their views, though the more sophisticated among them will recognize that a political position must be justified in its own terms, independently of any literary text.

Orwell understood that there is a profound tendency within modern society toward economic collectivism; that this tendency can take on a wide range of political colorations, from authoritarian to democratic; and that it can be deflected or modulated but probably cannot simply be annulled. The interpenetration of state and society, government and economy is simply a fact of modern life, quite as industrialization and urbanization have been. In 1940 Orwell wrote, "There is [little] question of avoiding collectivism. The only question is whether it is to be founded on willing cooperation or on the machine gun"—that is, whether it will be democratic or authoritarian. This puts the matter with admirable precision. *1984* shows us what might happen if "the machine gun" triumphs, but the other choice remains to us.

STATESMAN MANQUÉ

Byron
by Frederic Raphael
(Thames and Hudson, 224 pp., $18.95)

Lord Byron: Selected Letters and Journals
edited by Leslie A. Marchand
(Harvard University Press, 416 pp., $17.50)

Byron, Shelley, Keats: these, I was told in my schooldays, were the great English Romantics, following on a senior trio—Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey. I can only suppose that historians make these lists because they adore triads. Keats and Shelley do, of course, have the disconcerting similarity of opposites: the mirror of the ideal and spiritual of Shelley confronting the mirror of flesh-as-dream of Keats. But to speak of Byron as "Romantic" in any way resembling Shelley and Keats is to misrepresent everything about him except that he belonged to the same generation as they.

One thing that Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats—though not Byron—had in common was the importance they attached to imagination as a primary creating and world-envisioning force. For Coleridge, the poetic imagination was the instrument of mind closest to the creating "I am" of God. For Shelley poetry was capable of transforming society. For Keats it could create beauty in poems equal with sensations provided by life.

Byron did not believe that the poetic imagination had any such powers. In a letter to his bride-to-be Annabelle Milbanke (November 29, 1813), he writes:

> I by no means rank poetry or poets high in the scale of intellect—this may look like Affectation—but it is my real opinion—it is the lava of the imagination whose eruption prevents an earthquake—they say poets never or rarely go mad . . . but they are generally so near it—that I cannot help thinking rhyme is so far useful in anticipating or preventing the disorder. I prefer the talents of action—of war—or the Senate—or even of Science—to all the speculations of these mere dreamers of another existence (I don't mean religiously but fancifully) and spectators of this.

This rings true because it is based on

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Byron's own experience of writing poetry to rid himself of pent-up delirium, and also of his yearning for a life of action. He had his own generation in mind—and perhaps Shelley in particular—when he condemned "mere dreamers of another existence."

By a curious coincidence, there is a passage in *The Fall of Hyperion* (Keats's incomplete attempt to rewrite Hyperion—at a time when he already knew that he was dying of consumption) in which, like Byron in the letter I have quoted, Keats also ranks poets below men of action, though by these he means healers of sickness and helpers of the poor, not Byron's soldiers and senators. The healers Keats has in mind, whom he regards as superior to

> . . . mock lyrists, large self-worshippers,
> And careless Hectorers in proud, bad, verse

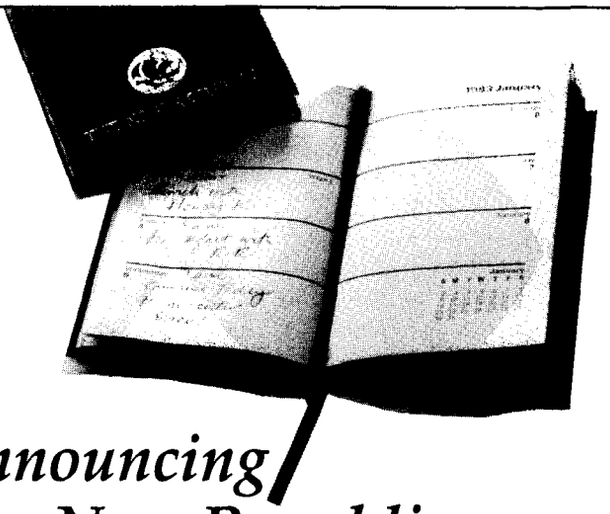
are those who come to grips with sickness and poverty and act to remedy them. They are

> . . . those to whom the miseries of the world
> Are misery, and will not let them rest.

The prophetess Moneta who, in *The Fall of Hyperion* is the projection of Keats's own poetic conscience, rebukes him for being "a dreaming thing" inferior to the healers who seek to remedy the world's ills, and who

> are no dreamers weak.
> They seek no wonder but the human face:
>
> No music but a happy-noted voice—
> They come not here, they have no thought to come—
> And thou art here for thou art less than they.
>
> What benefit canst thou do, or all thy tribe,
> To the great world, Thou art a dreaming thing;
> A fever of thyself—think of the Earth.

The description of the poet as a fever of himself fits Byron's description of him as one who in moments of near-disorder overflows with the "lava of the imagination." But Byron sees the imagination as a purely subjective affair, the poet as his own self-dramatist writing the speeches of the role he plays in life. Keats blames himself and his fellow poets for what he regards as failure of imagination—allowing imagination when confronted by terrible objective realities of the world, to lapse into subjective dream, failing to envision the world's misery. Those who deal with sickness with real instruments of healing are superior to those who turn



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away from it into their dreams. But rejecting himself and those others as weak dreamers, Keats comes to reject them as poets:

> The poet and the dreamer are distinct,
> Diverse, sheer opposite, antipodes.

The "weak dreamer" is not a true poet. The true poet is wide awake with visions that meet terrible reality. To do so, the poet has to become Apollo in that god's double aspect—both visionary, who heals, and also "misty pestilence" that rots false worshipers and purges the temple of them. Keats concludes the passage quoted above, about "mock lyrists" and "careless hectorers" (he is thinking of Shelley and Byron), with the savage lines written out of the bitter anticipation of his own death, his cruel envy of the poets who will survive him:

> Though I breathe death with them, it will be life
> To see them sprawl before me into graves.

In *The Fall of Hyperion*, Keats looks forward to Rimbaud, the idea of the poet as visionary and seer, voyeur. Byron, on the contrary, looks back to Dryden and Pope. He does not feel in the least that the poet should become visionary. He wants poetry to be of the world and he blames his own generation—including, among them himself—for its decadence. In a letter to John Murray (September 15, 1817) in which he has been discussing Moore's *Lallah Rookh*, he writes:

> With regard to poetry in general I am convinced the more I think of it—that he and all of us—Scott—Southey—Wordsworth—Moore—Campbell—I—are all in the wrong—one as much as another—that we are upon a wrong revolutionary poetical system—or systems—not worth a damn in itself—& from which none but Rogers and Crabbe are free—and that the present & next generations will finally be of this opinion.—I am the more confirmed in this—by having lately gone over some of our classics—particularly Pope—whom I tried in this way—I took Moore's poems & my own & some others—& went over them side by side with Pope's—and I was really astonished (as I ought not to have been so) and mortified at the ineffable distance on point of sense—harmony—effect—and even *Imagination* Passion—& *Invention*—between the little Queen Anne's Man—& us of the lower Empire—depend upon it, it is all Horace then, and Claudian now among us.

CLEARLY BYRON felt no sympathy with the Romantic idea of the poet being existent in his poetry as subjective consciousness identical with the poem. For him, Pope's strength lay in the fact that as a man he lived in the world and made poetry out of the objective material of the world. Pope and Dryden wrote from the standpoint of aristocratic sensibility, in which the poet as craftsman in his work and as friend of aristocratic patrons stood outside his poetry, just as the maker of a fine piece of jewelry, or a watch, stands outside the material with which he works his miracle of craftsmanship. Comparing his poetry with that of Pope, Byron may have felt rebuked by Pope's example for the way in which in *Childe Harold* he made himself and his moods the subject of his poetry. What was wrong for him with his own poetry and that of his generation was the identification of the poetry with the poet.

In his letters Byron sometimes refers to his poetry as "scribbling," though he confesses that it is torment to him to write poetry: the torment of "excited passion." He only considered himself a poet at such moments of excitement. He admits in a letter to Thomas Moore (from Ravenna, July 5, 1821)

> I have had a friend of your Mr. Irving's—a very pretty lad—a Mr. Coolidge, of Boston—only somewhat too full of poesy and "entusy-musy." I was very civil to him during his few hours' stay and talked with

LATER

Later you'll notice how slanted the floors are
And learn the meaning of the cracks above the lintels.
Now on the morning you move in
The dazzling eastern light floods the big rooms.
The man who couldn't be happy here
Under these high ceilings won't find another place.

If you saw now what you'll see then
You wouldn't be moving in, though later
You won't regret your choice.
The bad news will arrive slowly and be different,
Not like a stranger's illness but a friend's.
You'll sit by his bed to cheer him up.

Then it's back to your study
To finish your novel about the lake.
Later you'll see how coarse it is,
Not the last draft, as you suppose now,
But the first. Be grateful for your ignorance,
For the gift of foolish confidence that allows you to begin.
Be glad the view of the road is blocked.
The trees are in the way, and the hill,
And the sharp jut of the lake shore.

On the first day out with his boat,
Your hero, docked on the island,
Meets a stranger down on his luck
And invites him home.
Later you can make him remember
How small his house is,
How crammed with relatives,
All of them fretful as the years
Rub them the wrong way.
For now, as the breeze bellies the sails,
Let him imagine guest rooms waiting, and guest wings,
And months left at the doors like gifts,
May baskets, June boxes, July crowns,
August horns of plenty.

CARL DENNIS

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him much of Irving, whose writings are my delight. But I suspect that he did not take quite so much to me, from his having expected to meet a misanthropical gentleman, in wolf-skin breeches, and answering in fierce monosyllables, instead of a man of this world. I can never get people to understand that poetry is the expression of *excited passion*, and that there is no such thing as a life of passion any more than a continuous earthquake, or an eternal fever. Besides, who would ever *shave* themselves in such a state?

FOR BYRON poetry was a matter of instantly expressing his feelings, when he was in a highly agitated state of mind. He achieved the greatest facility of expression in *Beppo, The Vision of Judgement* and, supremely, in *Don Juan*, poems written in a very complex stanza form that he commanded with absolute mastery and wrote with lightning ease. In his hands this meter was responsive to changes of mood from frivolous to sententious, cynical to impassioned, instantaneous with narrative, comment, and feeling at the very moment of writing. Goethe, who admired Byron enormously, remarked that he was incapable of thinking. But the great merit of *Don Juan* is that the poetry never stops to think. His letters have the same quality of blood and brain spluttering at the end of the pen onto the page without intervention of any self-censorship or hesitancy.

Some screening mechanism that causes most men to censor their thoughts with afterthoughts at the very moment they are expressing them seems to have been lacking in Byron. He wrote down everything that happened to him or that occurred to him. But he is all the society to which he belongs. The things he writes about are the things the people in circles in which he moved did and talked about but also knew how and when to suppress as subjects of conversation. Apart from a very strong individual character and this social personality, he seems to have had very little personal psychology. It is difficult to think of Byron having what we call an "unconscious." Everything with him seems accessible. There is much temperament but no hidden depths. We learn, because he tells us it is so, that when he was a child he was interfered with—sexually—by a nursemaid. Well, that seems food for a shrink. But one is sure that Byron himself knew exactly to what extent this early episode affected his later sex life.

It is the same with his incestuous love for his half-sister Aurora Leigh and with his club foot. The connection of this deformity—which he took pains to hide, wearing trousers when he went swimming—with his athletic prowess at boxing, swimming, riding, and unremitting sexual activity, is obvious to us as it must have been to him. Yet the thing to note about his sexual life is that, given the fact that its virulence arose from neurosis, that it was so uninhibitedly successful. No one ever complained about his sexual performance. In the scandalous gossip of the time, he goes on at it like a nonstop pornographic movie.

Frederic Raphael makes, rightly, a good deal of his homosexuality with which (apart from the nursemaid) his sexual life began at Harrow and Cambridge, and ended at Missolonghi in his last (and unrequitted) love for a Greek boy, referred to in the last poem that he wrote. But homosexuality falls into its own department of his life—Plymouth harbor, back streets in Venice, etc.—separate, and not interfering with, the main pattern of his pursuit of, and being pursued by, ladies. It is significant that in all the volumes of his letters there are no love letters to men. The boys he went with were not of a social class for him to correspond with.

Frederic Raphael—in his lively and compressed biography—is best in his account of Byron's youth and in his discussion of the circumstances that led to the breakdown of his marriage:

> It is one of the oddities of Byron's life that comparatively little of it was out of the ordinary, though much was extraordinarily exaggerated by the rhetoric of his responses. The vividness of his reaction is often more remarkable than his experience: what would have grazed another drew blood from him.

This in part explains his great popularity with his contemporaries. Instead of being a Romantic with an inner self, like Wordsworth, Keats, or Shelley, he was all Romanticized outer self, like a movie star.

Reading Leslie Marchand's excellently edited *Selected Letters and Journals*, one turns from the letters to the journals, thinking perhaps: "Well, I have had so much of the man of the world telling of his affairs to his friends, now I shall turn to the Poet communing with his inner self." One discovers, though, that the letters (apart from a few sobering hung-up reflections) are simply letters from Byron to Byron. There ain't no Inner Self.

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All the same, despite the resounding emptiness, Byron is in no sense a fraud. He has the utmost truth of his qualities, and that is why his life was such a scandal to English society. He told the truth about their goings on. His letters are so wonderful precisely because this form of communication is his natural element, like a stream he swims in, concealing only his clubbed foot from the otherwise very public gaze. What after all is *Don Juan* but a hell-fire letter written from abroad by a social outcast to the English society that drove him into exile? It is as though Milton's Satan, having been thrown out of heaven, wrote, from the infernal regions, a letter back to God and the heavenly hosts saying how much he preferred the *louche* company he now kept to that of the hypocritical and boring inhabitants of the empyrean.

Raphael, in his account of the last months of Byron's life, spent in Greece where he advised and to some extent led the Greek fighters for independence in the war against the Turks, depicts the poet become, for a short time, and in quite inappropriate circumstances, the man of action and military leader. In Greece Byron certainly showed the courage, realism, good sense, patience, and diplomacy required of a commander of such an expedition.

For his readers he was, and remains, a poet of genius, and that is all they require him to be. But to himself he was, I am sure, a frustrated man of action who used his immense poetic gifts to express his frustration at never having found among his many roles, as man of the world, philanderer, and traveler, his true vocation, which was to be a leader of men. He was able to write speeches for all the roles that were failures or at best filling up time and sowing wild oats while he awaited the real one. We can be grateful that he never found it, because while he could write speeches for the false ones, it is difficult to think that he could have written poetry for the statesman, governor, or military commander, which from his point of view, he should have been.

STEPHEN SPENDER

Stephen Spender is the author of *The Thirties and After: Poetry, Politics, People 1930s-1970s* (Random House), among other books.

LOST IN TRANSLATION?

Freud and Man's Soul by Bruno Bettelheim

(Knopf, 112 pp., $11.95)

In this short book Bruno Bettelheim's main contention is that Freud's message and attitude toward human nature have been misunderstood in the English-speaking world because of inadequate and inaccurate translation of his works. Since Bettelheim is a distinguished psychoanalyst and author, whose work with disturbed children is world-famous and whose description of life in Dachau and Buchenwald (*The Informed Heart*, 1960) has become a classic, his accusation must be taken seriously.

Bettelheim begins by pointing out that he himself comes from a background similar to that of Freud—"a middle-class, assimilated Jewish family in Vienna." Although Freud was born in 1856 and Bettelheim in 1903, he says that there had been little cultural change in the years that intervened between Freud's student days and his own. Freud's psychoanalytic writings only began in the last decade of the nineteenth century, just before Bettelheim was born; thus he was able to study the "edifice of psychoanalysis" in the setting in which it was conceived, a study was facilitated by his being in analysis himself. After his liberation from the concentration camps, Bettelheim settled in the United States and was for many years a professor at the University of Chicago and director of the Orthogenic School for disturbed children. He discovered that the staff of the school, though well read in psychoanalysis, was too detached, too "theoretical" in its approach to disturbed children. Whereas Bettelheim himself was not afraid of emotional closeness based on sympathetic understanding of, and identification with, disturbed children, his American staff remained distant and therefore unable to help their patients.

Bettelheim's claim is that this distant, detached attitude developed because Americans studied Freud only in translation. He believes that the effect of the English translation of Freud's ideas was to make them into an abstract intellectual system, something that might be applied to the understanding of others in a cerebral fashion, but that was not easily applicable to the study of one's own unconscious. Bettelheim maintains that Freud's writings were imbued with classical allusions that, though familiar to Viennese students who had been reared on Latin and Greek, lost much of their meaning when transferred to America, where classical studies were confined to the few. Words and concepts derived from classical myth—like Eros and Psyche and the legend of Oedipus—tend to become abstractions when denuded of the overtones and associations that have become part of the mental furniture of those who have been familiar with classical myth from early childhood.

THESE DIFFICULTIES in comprehending Freud's real meaning have, so Bettelheim argues, been greatly increased by clumsy, insensitive translation and, even more, by the translators' tendency to substitute unfamiliar, technical, or medical words for Freud's use of terms that every German-speaking person would easily recognize.

Some of Bettelheim's examples are striking. He states that the German word *Mutterleib* can be translated only as "womb," a word that has quite different associations from the medical term "uterus" as used by the English translators. In Bettelheim's view, to translate *Das Ich und das Es* by their Latin equivalents the "ego" and the "id" is to misrepresent Freud's simplicity of language. *Ich* and *Es* are "among the first words used by every German child": "ego" and "id" are not to be found in the vocabularies of either German or English-speaking children. Bettelheim also criticizes the translators' use of "parapraxis" and "cathexis" to cover slips of the tongue and similar phenomena, and investment of an object with libido. These Greek terms, the first of which is an invention, do not, so Bettelheim asserts, reflect the original German, and present the reader with unfamiliar words that carry no emotional overtones.

Bettelheim states that

> The English translations cleave to an early

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> stage of Freud's thought, in which he inclined toward science and medicine, and disregard the more mature Freud, whose orientation was humanistic. . . .

He believes that the translators wished "to perceive Freud strictly within the framework of medicine," and that this accounts for some of their misrepresentation of his language. He goes on to deplore the American decision to restrict the practice of psychoanalysis to physicians, which he believes reinforced the tendency, begun by the translators, to perceive psychoanalysis in scientific, rather than humanistic terms.

HOW FAR are Bettelheim's strictures justified? Many of his points concerning the translation are cogent, but in most instances Bettelheim himself has nothing better to offer. Although *The Interpretation of Dreams* may not be an exact equivalent for *Die Traumdeutung*, I am not convinced that Bettelheim's alternatives of *A Search for the Meaning of Dreams* or *An Inquiry into the Meaning of Dreams* are really more illuminating. "Free association" is, admittedly, an unsatisfactory translation of *Freier Einfall*, a point already made by Charles Rycroft in his *Critical Dictionary of Psychoanalysis*, but Bettelheim cannot suggest a succinct alternative. Although he pays lip service to the difficulties faced by the translators of Freud, he is less than generous to them. Moreover, his accusation of "medicalization" of Freud's thought cannot be laid at their door. James Strachey, the principal translator, was not a doctor, though he was analyzed by Freud and had a close acquaintance with his thought. Alan Tyson, one of his chief assistants, qualified as a doctor later in his career, but was not medically trained at the time of the translation. In fact *The Standard Edition* of Freud's writings was a labor of love, contributed to by many German scholars, and all the points raised by Bettelheim were in fact thrashed out in the greatest detail. The fact of the matter is that any translation is bound to evoke criticism, partly because many German words like *Seele* do not really have an English equivalent. Bettelheim is fair enough to mention that the whole of *The Standard Edition* was read and passed by Anna Freud, who was a passionate guardian of her father's reputation, and would certainly not have countenanced any distortion of his thought if she had believed that this was taking place.

Bettelheim's chief concern is to resuscitate Freud as a humanist with a deep perception of human nature and personal concern for human tragedy, and to play down his wish to be thought a scientist. This is an understandable aspiration. Psychoanalysis is not, and can never be, an exact science in the sense of chemistry or physics (although their exactness seems now to be in question). But Freud seems never to have lost his belief in science, which he unfavorably contrasts with religion in his late work *The Future of an Illusion*. Freud was a humane man, and contemporary accounts of his behavior as an analyst indicate that he sometimes showed quite human emotions to his patients, occasionally revealed personal matters like an accident to his son, and was even reported as thumping the table to hammer home a point. But Joan Rivière, who was analyzed by Freud and who became an analyst herself, chiefly recalls his interest in her as being "curiously impersonal."

Freud's desire to establish psychoanalysis as a science of the mind has had strangely contradictory results. If Freud had not been a detached investigator, who tried to regard his patients as objectively as possible, without becoming involved with their problems, we should never have understood the phenomena of transference as well as we do. For transference depends upon projection; and projections can only be understood or indeed fully evoked if the analyst remains somewhat of an enigma to the patient. But Freud's detachment also had an unfortunate result in that it gave birth to, and seemed to justify the behavior of, a breed of analysts who, one is glad to say, are fast disappearing.

These are the analysts whom Bettelheim is really attacking, and whose impersonality he found so therapeutically ineffective when he was in charge of the Orthogenic School. There is a revealing account of such an analyst in the person of "Aaron Green" in Janet Malcolm's recent, brilliant book, *The Impossible Profession* (Knopf). In my review of the book (THE NEW REPUBLIC, September 16, 1981) I wrote of Aaron Green:

> He calls psychoanalysis a science. He believes that Freud made certain fundamental discoveries concerning infantile sexuality and the Oedipus complex which ought to have been accepted and passed down in the way that discoveries in chemistry are handed on, and is amazed that this is still not the case. He considers psychoanalysis equivalent to a surgical operation; that is, it is both extremely intimate and yet entirely impersonal.

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Bettelheim's advocacy of a more humanistic attitude in psychotherapy is entirely justified. Modern research into the efficacy of psychotherapy has demonstrated that genuine concern and warmth are important therapeutic factors. Moreover, for the therapist to show concern and warmth does not mean that he has to indulge in giving personal details about himself, the revelation of which might interfere with understanding the patient's transference projections.

But I don't really believe that mistranslation of Freud can have had quite the powerful effect in producing fundamentalist analysts like "Aaron Green" that Bettelheim attributes to it. Psychoanalysis is a body of knowledge and a technique of treatment that is passed down by training analysts to their trainees in the uniquely compelling situation of a training analysis. Bettelheim would allege that misunderstanding of Freud because of mistranslation was the cause of producing inhuman practitioners; but is there really any evidence that psychoanalysts brought up in Germany and Austria did not fall into the same trap? Bettelheim himself is, and has always been, a humane, concerned person, though sometimes feared as an authority. But not all his emigrant colleagues are like him, however much they have read Freud in the original German. Freud did not always practice what he preached; but the tradition of the detached, "scientific" analyst originated with him, and he certainly did not welcome the fact that his patients developed strong feelings toward him. In fact, he tried to protect himself from the emotional impact of his patients by lying them on a couch in such a position that they could not see his face or establish eye-to-eye contact with him. Bettelheim seems overconcerned with protecting Freud, whose influence, as today some of his most able followers are able to admit, was by no means always constructive. Insofar as England is concerned, most psychoanalysts there are quite warm and human in their approach to their patients, and Bettelheim is flogging a dead horse. In any case, Freud has now been dead for forty-three years, and disputes about what he actually meant or said are beginning to take on the aspect of medieval controversies about how many angels can be accommodated on the point of a pin. Bettelheim has written some marvelous books for which all of us are in his debt, but I would advise any reader who is unfamiliar with his work to begin with one of his other books, *The Informed Heart* or *The Uses of Enchantment*.

ANTHONY STORR

Anthony Storr, a British psychoanalyst, is the author most recently of *The Art of Psychotherapy* (Methuen).

HOW TO SAVE THE PRESIDENCY

None of the Above
by Robert Shogan

(N.A.L., 312 pp., $15.95)

This book should start a national debate about changing the Constitution so as to make the Presidency work. Mr. Shogan, a veteran political reporter for *The Los Angeles Times*, spells out a series of reforms aimed at increasing party discipline, which he maintains is the weakest part of the current system. His proposals range from appointing members of the Congress to the President's Cabinet to having the President and the whole Congress come up for election every four years. He claims that if his reforms had been law over the last six Presidencies, the following would have happened:

> With a disciplined majority party behind him in the Congress, John Kennedy would not have had to struggle vainly for approval of his legislative program and might have been less inclined to indulge in excessive rhetoric and provocative international ventures.
>
> Lyndon Johnson, had he been elected to succeed Kennedy, would not have been pressured to race against the clock to create the Great Society. But his own party, and the opposition, would have been more strongly positioned to force him to justify his escalation of the war in Vietnam.
>
> Richard Nixon might have been spared the burden of trying to lead a divided government. At any rate, his party and the opposition could have monitored his use of executive power and probably prevented the abuses of Watergate. If Watergate had occurred, Congress could have forced a special national election which would have produced a new government, avoiding the two years of stalemate and division of the Ford presidency.
>
> Jimmy Carter would probably not have been nominated for the presidency in 1976, because it is unlikely that a party caucus would select a candidate so unfamiliar with the national government and so alien from his own party. If Carter had gained office, he probably would have been forced to call a special election when he proclaimed that the nation was suffering a crisis of confidence and then shook up his cabinet.
>
> As for Ronald Reagan, his polished nonchalance and skill as a television performer would not have been decisive in a campaign focused on issues. If he had been elected, his economic policies would have been subjected to more careful scrutiny by his own party and a more effective challenge from the opposition than he had to face.

The trouble is not in ourselves, our Presidents, or our circumstances, but in our political and governing systems. Such is Mr. Shogan's message. It is a debatable one, and I shall be debating it. What I cannot do is reproduce his detailed account of how the last six Presidents won election and then foundered in office. This chronicle of failure powerfully reinforces his thesis that a dangerous gap has opened between politics, "what the people want," and government, "what they get"; and that until this gap is closed, we will not have effective governance.

Shogan's proposals amount to a modified parliamentary system—party government. He knows how foreign this is to our laws and mores. The Constitution makes no reference to parties; the Framers execrated them as "factions." Sharing the eighteenth-century belief in natural, self-regulating harmony, the Framers considered one-party government by the likes of George Washington perfection. More critical to political health than this philosophical distrust of political competition was the separation of powers the Framers built into the Constitution. The author of this basic divorce between President and Congress, James Madison, cursed his handiwork when he became President, and so have his successors.

Mr. Shogan includes a chapter on the

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rise of parties in the nineteenth century and the continuing popular distrust of them, which culminated in the creation of the direct primary in 1912, a reform aimed at diminishing the power of the party bosses. Candidates were slow to take advantage of the primaries. F.D.R., for example, had his name on the ballot in eleven primaries in 1932, but did not risk his prestige by campaigning in those states. It remained for John F. Kennedy to exploit the primaries as a path to the White House outside the party structure, and thereby to establish the new rules of the political game.

Shogan is acute on the changes in society and culture that critically weakened the parties in the 1950s, preparing the way for the rapid rise of the mediocre Senator from Massachusetts. His list begins with economic growth and rising social mobility, which broke up the class alignments of the New Deal. It includes television, which robbed the parties of their mediating role between the voters and the candidate. And, by no means last, it features the effects of Eisenhower's nonpartisan government, which was matched by the nonpartisan Congressional leadership of Rayburn and Johnson. The time was ripe for "an independent political entrepreneur" like Kennedy.

KENNEDY is Shogan's prototype for all subsequent Presidents, so it is worth giving the texture of his account of Kennedy. Not only did Kennedy pioneer the election technology and tactics that still determine our elections, he also began "the politics of personality" by which Presidents have tried ever since to close the gap between politics and government. Kennedy capped an undistinguished House and Senate career with an unsuccessful bid for the Vice Presidential nomination in 1956. Thereafter he neglected his Senate duties to stage a three-year campaign for the Presidency. It was the Jimmy Carter method—start early and never stop—only Carter had the grace to do it on his own time.

In 1960 Kennedy's strategy was to enter a few primaries in small states, not to win delegates, but "as an exercise in political symbolism." The idea was to capture enough media attention to compel the party leaders, who preferred more seasoned candidates, to notice him. As he had in his years in Congress, Kennedy avoided taking stands on the issues. Indeed, in the West Virginia and Wisconsin primaries, he made his religion the dominant issue. Shogan's comment on this is penetrating. "Kennedy's religion gave his candidacy a special identity, setting it apart from the others, and endowing it with a moral fervor it otherwise lacked." This is a precise instance of the politics of personality, and although in the general election Kennedy found it advantageous to sound like a party Democrat, his supporters still stressed personal style as the major difference between him and Nixon. "The hard fact is," wrote Arthur Schlesinger Jr. in a campaign pamphlet, "that Nixon lacks taste." Kennedy had taste; he was also "non-corny." With so little to distinguish the candidates, the voters chose the non-corny one by 112,000 votes, making it the closest election of the century.

Kennedy governed as he had campaigned, stressing symbols, like the moon shot and the Peace Corps, over substance. Before his inaugural, he told his speech writer to "drop the domestic stuff" from the speech. This was a portent. Through creating a crisis atmosphere in foreign affairs, he would rivet the voters' attention on him, making them forget that his domestic program was stymied in Congress. This strategy, a device of necessity and personal inclination, worked. Shogan reports that after the Bay of Pigs, Kennedy's rating in the polls soared to 82 percent, and this just months after having been elected by one-tenth of 1 percent of the popular vote. Thereafter, Kennedy "governed by exaggeration"; combined with the artful use of television, this was his real legacy to the Presidency.

So much for the flavor of Shogan's history. Now to his reforms, which are more controversial. Shogan claims that if there had been party discipline, Kennedy would have been obliged to run on issues and not personality; that once elected, he would have been able to surmount the constitutional barrier between President and Congress and get his program through; and that, in consequence, he would not have had to whip up crises to "show his political mettle." The greater discipline would be achieved by increasing House and decreasing Senate terms to four years, so that the whole Congress would run at the same time as the President. To prevent ticket splitting, candidates of the same party would appear on the same ballot. Finally, members of Congress would be allowed to sit on the President's Cabinet, thus joining the powers the Framers had separated.

These changes might make government work better, but they presuppose an even more basic change—the realignment of the parties on strict liberal and conservative lines. For how else could party discipline be achieved? It would have to be around principles and issues, the negative word for which is ideology. In his reformist zeal, Shogan is blind to the negative implications of ideology. The danger, politically, is that strict ideological definition might render the Democrats a minority party (already the Republicans have won 9,000,000 more voters than the Democrats in Shogan's six elections) forfeiting altogether their fraying appeal to the South and Far West. The danger to governance is that parties sharply divided ideologically might polarize the country, making effective government less, not more, likely, and increasing the risk of political violence. The ideological muddle of the parties is an outgrowth of our vast size, the diversity of our peoples and interests, and the pull of history and culture. The ideologically charged election of 1860 that split the country in two should be a cautionary tale for those who want the parties to have a hard edge of ideology.

ALONGSIDE his call for greater party discipline, the centerpiece of his reform package, Shogan wants other reforms, among them the abolition of the Vice Presidency. In the event of a President's death or disability, the Speaker of the House would serve as President pending a special election. This reform makes sense. It would remove "an element of fortuitousness" from the system that, twice in the last six Presidencies, allowed men the people haven't voted for to become President. If it had been in place over the last generation, Richard Nixon would not have been President, Gerald Ford would have remained in the House, and Lyndon Johnson in the Senate.

Shogan's account of the 1964 campaign illustrates the need for yet another reform: the shadow Cabinet. He wants key members of the opposition party given institutional status as leaders, and provided with classified information by the executive branch, as well as free television time to criticize and offer alternatives. In 1964 Goldwater boasted that he offered a "choice, not an echo"; in fact, he had promised Johnson not to make campaign issues out of the President's handling of Vietnam or civil rights. The Republicans thus abdicated the role of the opposition party, allowing Johnson to escalate the war without debate. An

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institutionalized opposition party, Shogan contends, would have had the necessary will and information to make Johnson justify the war.

Considered abstractly, this reform is appealing, but it does not test well against the historical context. Given the prior ideological commitment of both parties to the containment of Communism, is it likely that Barry Goldwater—of all people!—would have challenged Johnson on the war? Moreover, no constitutional machinery could nullify Johnson's duplicity; he would have deceived the shadow cabinet as he did the people, planning a wider war while promising that "American boys" would never fight in place of "Asian boys." Finally, the tighter party discipline Shogan wants would have choked off the antiwar challenge that later developed within the Democratic Party. The lesson of 1964-1968 is that no reform is proof against a dishonest leader and that strict party discipline might stifle dissent.

Shogan's chapters on 1968 and 1972 make the case for several of his reforms, notably the intraterm election. Shogan would allow either the President or Congress to call "a new national election once during the regular four-year term as a means of resolving deadlocks and crises in government leadership." Such an intraterm election could have been called during the Watergate crisis or right after Nixon's resignation, saving the nation two years of drift under Gerald Ford.

IT SOUNDS GOOD for 1974; but once again, the test of history makes this reform seem dubious. For example, what would have happened if the intraterm election had been the law of the land in 1862? With a string of defeats barely offset by the costly, equivocal victory at Antietam, Lincoln might have been unseated by a Copperhead Congress with no stomach to press the war. On Lincoln's part, the temptation to declare martial law to head off such an election would have been great. Lincoln as military dictator: it is not a pleasant thought. And would Richard Nixon have let the Democratic Congress call an intraterm election in 1973? These examples are hypothetical, of course. Still, they point up the risks of the intraterm election.

Of the fourteen candidacies he discusses, Shogan is most sympathetic to George McGovern. Unlike Goldwater, whom Shogan pictures as more a crank than an ideologically consistent candidate, McGovern offered the voters a real choice. Shogan reminds us that McGovern pledged to end the war within ninety days of his inauguration, to cut the defense budget by $30 billion, to eliminate $200 billion in tax loopholes, to increase Social Security benefits, and to provide $15 billion in tax relief for homeowners. He was not vague on the issues. Before the Miami convention the polls showed him within 12 points of Nixon, but after the Eagleton fiasco the bottom fell out of his candidacy. Like Richard Nixon in choosing Spiro Agnew, and John Kennedy in choosing Lyndon Johnson, McGovern had been indictably casual in picking his running mate and possible successor. So in the one election in the last twenty years in which the voters had a clear choice on the issues before the country, the waters were clouded by a nonissue. The 1972 election provides more evidence that the Vice Presidency is what early critics of the Constitution called it, a "dangerous and useless" office.

We come to 1976. The reform suggested by that election is the return of the party caucus. Shogan wants Presidential candidates nominated by "a caucus of elected officials, expanded perhaps to include representatives of major constituent groups." The party caucus would have kept Jimmy Carter from the Presidency; it also would strengthen the parties, thereby closing Shogan's gap. But it comes at a price: the elimination of the primaries. Is it worth paying? Yes, for 1976; but in 1968 it would have prevented Gene McCarthy from challenging Johnson on the war. Without the primaries, there would have been no test of antiwar sentiment that year. True, the party bosses finally won in Chicago, but if the Democrats had been playing under the post-1968 rules, which opened the system up to even more primaries, the antiwar forces might have prevailed. That would have been a real victory for "issues" over "personality," and I wouldn't want to endorse a reform that would have ruled out that possibility.

Shogan concludes with the perverse hope that the threat of "catastrophe" (unspecified) might spark reform, and he suggests that the bicentennial of the Constitution in 1987 might provide the right occasion. You don't have to be a fan either of "catastrophe" or of constitutional conventions to find Shogan's book stimulating. It is a vigorous document of the reformist sensibility—skeptical of everything except its own inventions.

JACK BEATTY

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

terms it "impressionistic and unscholarly"; Heidegger's writings as one of the "impressive moments of the European imagination"; and the most preposterous analogy of empiricist concreteness with "The Hemingway-Mailer insistence on punching people out. . . ."

What Rorty has not written is a serious, fair, and responsible criticism in which argument and substance are employed as the means to expose errors and shortcomings. There is no sustained discussion of any point contained in Ayer's book that Rorty contests systematically and the conspicuous absence of intellectual tolerance and generosity in Rorty's review is reflected in an undisguised contempt for Ayer and a branch of philosophical study that Rorty obviously detests.

Ayer, as is well known, is one of the most distinguished philosophers of our time. His many contributions to the empiricist process of philosophical investigation are regarded by many, to put the matter modestly, as reasonable and intelligent and his treatment of those with whom he disagrees as fair and judicious. Though Rorty would have it otherwise, it is inconceivable that Ayer, in his most recent work, would depart from those standards of achievement that characterize his previous studies.

William James once noted that "The history of philosophy is to a great extent that of a certain clash of human temperaments." The Rorty review is a splendid example, I think, of this clash, in this case, the clash of empiricism and metaphysics. It is an old story and there are many examples, but the one that most readily comes to mind is Voltaire's famous character in *Candide* whose perceptual reports consistently ignored and discounted the "brute and raw" facts of experience. Pangloss, it will be recalled, was a professor of philosophy who taught Metaphysico-Theologico-Cosmolonogology.

LOUIS B. ZIMMER
Upper Montclair, New Jersey

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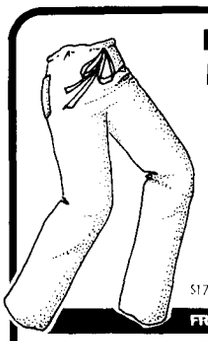

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

The Top Ten

IT'S TIME ONCE AGAIN for the annual Top Ten Feelings List. Compiling the list is a daunting task. The temptation is to give the awards to the ten most deserving feelings of 1982. It must be firmly resisted. Subjective bias has no place in such judgments. You and I may think that love is better than hate, but someone else (the average Ik, for instance) might disagree. No, the responsible emotionologist has a duty to record only the most important feelings of 1982, for good or for ill. Without that kind of objective analysis, *Time*'s 1938 Man of the Year award could never have gone to Hitler. Let it be our model.

SINCE THIS IS THE AGE of the diet, I take the liberty of borrowing its language. You have heard of the cereal group and the meat group. Like foods, feelings tend to cluster into groups, and this year the Fear Group, in an unprecedented sweep, took the top four slots. It was led, as fear usually is, by Fear Itself (#1), followed closely by Hysteria (#2), Paranoia (#3), and Despair (#4). The fear boom owes much of its success to the discovery of two looming calamities: herpes and the bomb. Of the two, herpes was probably more important. Nuclear nightmares laid the MX to rest, but herpes killed off the entire Sexual Revolution. Like those unvaccinated monsters in *The War Of The Worlds*, our two-backed beast succumbed not to a bang but a blister. With an entire generation driven into group therapy by ill-placed cold sores, is it any wonder that millions have been driven into the streets by visions of ground zero? True, there are still some pathological deniers able to go through a whole day without a peek into the abyss. They will find their cure in Boston, where the Board of Health wants every commercial building in town to have a sign that reads: "NUCLEAR WAR. NO SHELTER. NO ESCAPE. WARNING: The Board of Health of Boston has determined that no occupant of this building will survive a nuclear attack." I wonder. Why leave out residential buildings? Such squeamishness may keep the Fear Group from going platinum in years to come. People forget.

A BIG SURPRISE was the failure of all but one of the Love Group to make this year's list. For the first time since the pill's arrival in 1960, Lust did not appear in the Top Ten. (Another herpes victim, analysts say.) Out of last year's Love Group winners, only Geniality (#5) made the 1982 list, thanks to President Reagan's ongoing "but he's a nice guy personally" campaign. On the other hand, the Hate Group (a.k.a. "negative feelings") fared no better. Rage, a perennial top-tenner in the 1960s, continued its steady decline under the influence of yoga, jogging, and the Sony Walkman. Even Anger, its bourgeois cousin, is on the wane. It has suffered grievously from the current social convention according to which its onset, like the arrival of a notable at court, must be announced. John Wayne never said, "I'm feeling angry that you're stepping on my foot," but John Wayne is dead, and anger nearly so. In fact, it has so atrophied that it lives on only in ritual. Like discarded grandparents, it has been given its own day, the first Tuesday in November, but judging from voter turnout, the Days of Rage are gone. The only new entrant from the Hate Group this year is Envy. It managed to squeeze in at #6, though with its fortunes tied so closely to Reaganomics, it is not expected to repeat.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN YANSON FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

THE POOR SHOWING of the "negatives" had been anticipated by some more technically minded analysts who pointed out that the index of leading emotional indicators had been flat for months. Elizabeth Taylor had an amicable divorce; Billy Martin and George Steinbrenner are about to remarry; and that most crucial component of the index—celebrity crimes of passion—declined steeply, though Mrs. Harris is reported to have wounded four prison guards in a suicide attempt. Even the rush to confess, that lagging indicator popularized by the Watergate prison writers, has spent itself. Donahue's transvestite ax murderers have blended into their audiences. There is little more to tell. One has to be a white-haired ex-G.M. executive with a actress-model wife, caught holding $24 million worth of cocaine in one's lap—on camera, no less—to cause a stir. That leaves only Exhaustion (at #7), a favorite of the Hollywood "survivor" set, and itself the lone survivor of the once-chic Wasted Group. Alienation, once the star of the Group, has fallen on such hard times that Antonioni revivals now play to empty houses. (To say that today is no longer to speak metaphorically.)

THE BLUE GROUP also made the list, but just barely. After a brief comeback during the late Carter ("limits") years, Depression is now recognized as bad for the thighs, and suicide, its most poetic exaggeration, is now deemed positively antisocial, worse than smoking in public. In their place, at #8, sits Mellow. It managed to hold its position thanks to an unexpected year-end surge, attributed by most observers to the late arrival of a large shipment of Colombian quaaludes. Rounding out the list are two Pink Group entries—feeling good about oneself (#9) and feeling good about one's body (#10). Feeling good about the world (General Optimism), the only Nonnarcissistic Pink to break into the Top Fifty, is on its way out (c.f., "Fear," above). In the coming year, chances are, it'll be banned in Boston.

C.K.

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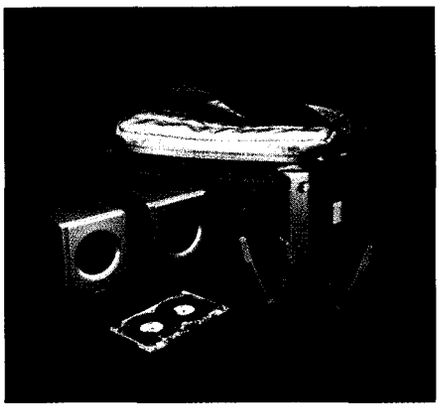

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